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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Smoke and Steel

LECTURERS often complain that Americans fail to get into their books the savour of their own country. They know few birds beyond the robin, wren, and bluebird, wild flowers to them are often nameless, trees are either oaks, maples, or pines, the weather fair or rainy, and that intimate perception of nature which has always distinguished English literature—

> Daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty—

is well nigh absent from the poetry and prose of the more robustious.

The regretful critics are right, but it is not merely in American literature that the touch upon "Flora and the country-green" grows faint and perfunctory. We have a specialized nature literature, and there is much poetry especially which is heady with wild beauty and rich in images drawn from sun, earth, and air. But such books are beginning to have an exotic flavor. They are like the Germans of Tacitus who were dramatized for the Romans not because they were Germans but because they were different.

This is the age of smoke and steel and of secondary products a step away from nature—engines, artificial light, newsprint, instead of direct contact with primitive experience. The city's ragged edges spread over the country; the sense of soil and landscape is visibly departing. Chemistry and salesmanship are more conscious in the modern farmer's mind than the contours of his land. The woods and fields become for most of us (and especially the writers) a tonicking experience, like going to the opera. They are vivid to us, but abnormal.

Language is extremely conservative and it is not surprising that we still draw most of our figures from nature, of which we used to be momentarily conscious. It cannot continue. The literature of the completely urbanized modern will clash with machinery, and express sensation in terms of speed. It will be nervous, like city life, and it will have the dull sensibility (except perhaps to smell and noise) and the quick intelligence of industrialized man. Already poetry, drama, and fiction give evidence of new tongues, but the significance is obscured by such names as "jazz" or "expressionism," so that readers suppose they are reading what is merely freakish or decadent, whereas they are really tasting the current attempt to fit language to the age. Some day industrialized literature will have its way with a rush, and for a while books of country contemplation, idylls, pastorals, and the figurative language which has expressed our imagination in terms of earth and its creatures, of air, ocean, and stars, will seem as sterile as was the poetry of Pope to the romantics of the nineteenth century. Then the daring poet will be not he who writes of typewriters or telephones, but that exotic lyricist who dares to make a sonnet from violets or the gradual veil of evening.

Will the old loveliness fade from literature when smoke and dust and noise drive it from life? It is too difficult a question for a brief essay, but this much we may say, that man and nature are not likely to come again into ardent contact until the desire to live in crowds and with all the modern conveniences is sated; and this will scarcely be in our time. The next Shakespeare will have not dawn and sunset, birdsongs and the leafy tinkle of rain, to reckon with in the subconsciousness of his auditors, but puffings and explosions, gasoline, flickering lights, squeaking radios, and the powerful rhythm of a city streaming with orderly millions. He will remake his imagery, find and create new and strident beauties, and be not less Shakespeare because perforce he will be cockney. And Pan will have to pipe in the suburbs (the country will be all suburbs then) until men have ceased playing with smoke and steel.

*Slippers of the Goddess**

"It is easy, like Momus, to find fault with the clattering of the slipper worn by the Goddess of beauty; but 'the serious Gods' found better employment in admiration of her unapproachable loveliness."

By AMY LOWELL

THEY clatter, clatter, clatter on the floor,
Her slippers clack upon the marble slabs,
And every time her heels clap, I count one,
And go on counting till my nerves are sick
With one and one and one told out in claps.

He shot a hand out, clutching at my arm
With bony fingers. "Young man," said he, "look up.
Is that a starry face, or am I blind?
Do stars beset her like a crown of pearls?
Does sunset tinge and tangle in her hair,
And moonlight rush in silver from her breasts?
Look well, young man, for maybe I am blind."
I looked, and agony assailed my brain.
He chirruped at me. "So—So! Ancient eyes
Know better than to keep upon the floor.
What dazzles you is kindly sight to me,
One gets accustomed. But I interrupt
Your count. What figure had you reached?"
I shook
Him off and staggered to my room, bright pain
Stabbing my head.

I've never found that count,
Nor started on another. Every day
I look a little longer when she comes,
And see a little more, and bear to see.
But that queer man I've never met again,
Nor very much desired to, perhaps.
Gratitude is an irksome thing to youth,
And I, thank Hermes, am still reckoned young,
Though old enough to look above the floor,
Which is a certain age, I must admit.
But I'll endure that, seeing what it brings.

*From "What's o'Clock," a posthumous volume of poems to be published by the Houghton-Mifflin Co.

This Week

Two Books by Ben Hecht. Reviewed by *John Peale Bishop.*

Thomas Hardy. By *William Lyon Phelps.*

Next Week, or Later

"Timesquarese." By *Robert Haven Schauffler.*

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Criticism in America

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

LITERARY criticism is the ability to wager with yourself that your convictions are supreme, and to stage a contest of words between your often provoking doubts and your rising satisfactions. The wager is not an immediately apparent one, and for the most part it occurs between the confident lines of each essay or review, although sometimes it invades the actual, printed matter and reveals that the critic is not quite as convinced as his emphatic phrases would indicate. If he is an exceptional critic, he is just as apt to bet against his prejudices as he is liable to support them, and in such a case his critiques are in reality the performance that decides whether these prejudices will win or lose (an undisguised, prying argument with himself). The work of an author is merely the formal thrust that sends this gamble into motion, and as a grateful courtesy the critic assumes an air of delving into the author's style and purpose, although this style and purpose are entirely at the mercy of the critic's self-centred intentions. In fact, the test of a great literary critic rests upon whether he can make his egotism alert and humble enough to perceive and weigh the detailed contentions of other men, while still preserving its basic pride and its single direction. When the author's wooing of his own convictions becomes more intrepid and persuasive than the critic's attentive disagreement, the critic's ability at exhibiting a gracefully losing fight, without haughty dodging and invectives, will demonstrate his importance. If, on the other hand, his critical praise would seem to be justified, or if his censure appears to be more valiant and incisive than the work which caused it, then his stature is revealed by a display of self-control and an avoidance of over-statements and irrelevant flourishes of triumph.

Of course, the ancient question will be advanced at this point—who is to determine whether the critic has won or lost and whether he has actually demolished or enshrined the creation itself? Is it not always a matter of contending groups of men, whose different arguments are often equally plausible and deft in expression? One must indeed admit that the critic's victory or defeat can never be overwhelmingly established, and that Mr. A can attack the work of a novelist and Mr. B. can praise it without either of them advancing an indubitably right or wrong contention. However, the destruction of all standards and rules would wipe out literary criticism itself and substitute myriads of personal whims and moods, for criticism of all kinds is merely the conflict or the partial friendship of one egotism with the never quite similar egotisms surrounding it, and if this strife did not spring from permanent visions of victory and defeat it would lose the incentive behind its existence. In such a case, critics would be supplanted by commentators, some of them peaceful and others agitated, who would merely say in effect: "I like it, or I don't like it, and I've merely put together a few nouns, verbs, and adjectives to support these entirely personal and insecure attitudes." These commentators would fail to explain, however, why their likes and dislikes were important enough to be expressed in print and followed by other people, and why it would not be equally significant for the reader to stop any man on the street and listen to the latter's opinion on books, provided that the man was moderately cultured and spoke with a certain forceful cohesion. When you dispute the authority of any one standard over

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another and when your rules, in the effort to escape from dogma, become erratic and virtually nonexistent, you are making every reader his own critic and reducing printed criticism to an undistinguished, indecisive, and unnecessary mêlée.

This tendency, on the part of literary critics such as Heywood Broun, John Farrar, Maxwell Anderson, and others, has played its part in lowering American literary criticism to an indeterminate and not particularly brilliant series of squabbles and agreements, in which the human warmth, wit, and personal emotions of the critic serve as allurements, while the author's work remains largely unpenetrated and without any definite rating. The author may be berated if he fails to see why his creations should be publicly buffeted about in such an unrestricted welter of personal enthusiasms and dissents, but authors are likely to be unreasonable in such matters. The author would naturally prefer an assumption of originality and superiority on the part of his critic, and a dexterity of phrase that could equip this assumption and form a respectable challenge or a reassuring defence. Otherwise, the author marvels at the paradox of the critic's *unassuming audacity* and yet fails to see any great need for its regular appearance in newspapers and magazines.

One trouble with American literary criticism of to-day is that it often rests in the hands of men who, self-confessedly, are not remarkably proficient and unwavering in its pursuit, but who nevertheless achieve large numbers of followers, for reasons of critical ability. These critics, most of whom write for newspaper columns and book review sections, are popular because of their readable, genial, and generally "sane" views and styles, but keener and more permanent criticism would, of course, be much harder to read (for the more thoughtless person), much less humorous, and more often inclined to be "insane" in the opinion of the conservative-liberal majority. The influence of the aforementioned critics, however, has been partly caused by their complaisant audiences, who desire little save a simplified, familiarly adjectived, and "human" description and analysis of the creation, with invariable attacks levelled at any subtlety or irony that would naturally be above the skulls or below the belts of most readers. Yet, when we turn from this sincere, semi-cautious, eagerly journalistic crowd of present-day American "critics", we find ourselves confronted by disorganized, hair-splitting, limited, and envenomed conditions in the ranks of those people who have a better right to the title of critic.

The one man standing within these ranks who possesses the greatest contradiction of limitations and perceptions is Mr. H. L. Mencken. He has been garlanded and knifed more often than any other literary critic in this country, and he is the god of increasing numbers of college-students and groping, young dilletantes, to whom his sledge-hammer cynicisms and his humorous sneers at commercial, democratic, and religious shams, form a blessed refuge and restoration. His natural appeal is to a certain species of hurt, doubting, and hazily rebellious adolescence, since it is both inviting and easy for young people to grasp his jeers and diatribes at civilization in America and utilize them as an excuse for the readers' own lack of attainments, and as an outlet for the readers' more stifled resentments. Again, he is enticing to certain worldly-wise people who are forced to submit to the civilization around them without particularly relishing it, and who welcome the greater courage of his words. The stir in the air of this country at present—the unrest shown by an educated and at least slightly cultured minority of people—is neither aesthetic, nor intellectual, nor spiritual. It consists of anger, harsh amusement, and skepticism, with all of these qualities directed at the shabby lies and flabby circumlocutions of every-day life and the rulers within this life.

Mr. Mencken began to write when this unrest was just commencing to crystallize, and he has had a major part in its encouragement, but his value is that of a sociological investigator and, incidentally, an upholder of acrid frankness between the sexes. He has destroyed scores of monuments and evasions in the prosaic life around him, and in these respects his candor has been healthy and awakening, but as a critic of literature and art, and as a detached, original thinker, he is almost inexplicably blind and unreceptive. His jocose assertion that poets should be slain at an early age and that poetry itself is a fanciful, melodious, and minor embellishment indicates the stupidly derisive and shackled gloom that occupies one half of his head and heart. In his prosaic immersions he deigns to accept verse as a light distraction after hard working hours, and so he orders poetry to adopt an idle mien and sing for him after his ironical wrestling-matches with facts and pernicious customs. This wilful and often irritable blindness is not an innate one but rather the product of a shamefaced reluctance. When you have spent the greater part of your days in attacking prosaic and immediate conventions and conditions, you do not care to recognize the art of poetry as an aloof and sometimes insolent competitor for your attention, for if you did you would have to admit that you had browbeaten and restricted your energies and perceptions, and had forced them to overlook something of great importance. It is highly probable that if Mr. Mencken could be exiled to a remote island for the rest of his life, in the company of two or three excellent and loquacious poets—removed forever from his Rotary Club, Methodist ministers, and official censors—he would wind up in old age with a clear and even eager discernment of the thoughtful, subtle, and æsthetic possibilities inherent in poetry. He is the victim of his own battle-mace—a mace whose great efficiency in one field has induced him to pass over other fields with *a hasty and unadventurous intolerance*.

Passing from Mr. Mencken, we collide with another critic who possesses the same broad bias, in a reversed and conservatively softened garb, and whose enmity with Mr. Mencken is more a matter of exterior differences than either of these men are able to see—Mr. Stuart Pratt Sherman. Mr. Sherman is also immersed in matters of social truth and justice, and democratic theories and habits, and moral issues and his mind is equally indifferent to questions of word finesse, and freshness of style and content, and intellectual peerings and intrusions, but unlike Mr. Mencken, he insists upon having such things as good taste, moderation, bright veils for sex, and final notes of intelligent optimism. In his opinion, literature should be the subservience of different egotisms to considerations of "beauty" and hope, and a mildly honest but not destructive spirit of human counsel—an expression of wholesome, restrained advice and confidence to the struggling people of a nation, and a more skillfully qualified description and reflection of their major requirements and trends. He occupies the same limited space in which Mr. Mencken resides, but he deals only in emotional caresses and mental side-steppings, instead of blows and cruelly slashing laughters. The art of writing itself—selections and combinations of words symbolizing the mental and emotional elations, curiosities, speculations, and despairs of contrasting individuals—holds little interest for Mr. Sherman. Literature in his estimation must contain that strength which can lift the burden of a message, or a solution, or a moral purpose, or an articulate expression of the emotions and thoughts inarticulately followed by masses of people, and although he drapes his prejudices in high-sounding phrases such as "the quest of perfection" and "the beauty that dwells among the rocks," he is in reality concerned only with questions of emotional acceptance and discretion, and mental caution and sobriety. In other words, he prefers literature which is instructive and uplifting at one end, or relatively impersonal at the other, and writing does not exist to him as an art sufficient unto itself, whose only restrictions are those of intelligence, boldness, and depth. He declares in effect: "Yes, let us have this intelligence, boldness, and depth, if they conform to my moral ideas and emotional reticences—otherwise, no!" In poetry he can support only those verses which confine themselves to rhapsodical or quietly simple emotions, and in this art the glacial antics of thought and the studied litheness of imagination are both abhorrent to him. Like another member of his general school of criticism, Mr. Brownell, he relishes that literature which is an impressive and sonorous evasion of the pitfalls, cruelties, and prostrations held within life, and defends his choice with unconsciously insincere arguments, since he could scarcely be expected to admit to himself the essential narrowness of his position.

In fact, a common similarity between American literary critics of all shades, from the semi-liberal conservatism of Mr. Sherman to the gruff, jumping-jackish, heavily erudite ultra-radicalism of younger critics such as Mr. Gorham B. Munson and Mr. Malcolm Cowley, is indicated by their unswerving opposition to any subtlety in literary treatment which contains the qualities of nonchalance, or of conscious irony, and their unbroken dislike of deliberateness, detachment, and the romping of intellect. Great literature to them is always at bottom a vibrant, heavy, warm, confident, and all-embracing expression of earth incarnate, and their quarrels are only surface ones concerning matters of technique, coherence, and the exact depth to which sensuality and social custom should be plumbed. They are unable to perceive any greatness in literature which escapes from the over-heated conveniences, braggadocios, brawls, and lunges of an unadulterated earthliness—literature which examines and reports on life from the position of a half cold and half compassionate bystander, with both elements blended to a third one of *ironical pity*. They fling their overworked, unproven adjectives at this latter literature —tenuous, stilted, artificial, precious—and they retain the adjectives to deal with sheer fantasy in any form, and with a careful richness in metaphor and simile.

Another quality which most literary critics in this country hold in common, and which betrays the *hidden friendliness* beneath their conservative, liberal, and radical alignments, consists of a strong desire to belittle and deride and ignore the element of originality. In this connection, a recent article by Mr. Gorham B. Munson comes to mind—an article entitled "Another Aspect of Ezra Pound." In the course of this essay Mr. Munson writes: "What Whitman gave was a freer prosody, of course, but more than that he conveyed a very extraordinary consciousness of a man and the universe. Pound's admirers do not and cannot claim for him an original grasp of profound experience. . . It is probably due to this failure to find a deep vital center that Pound has at times fallen a victim to the doctrine of individuality." To begin with, individuality is not and never has been a "doctrine." It is the essential quality held by all past and present masters of literature, and the tendency on the part of certain creators to make credoes about it does not alter its basic importance and permanence. Mr. Munson reveals in his essay the prevailing hatred of originality (individuality). A man of spontaneous, exuberant, and entirely earthly originality, such as Whitman, is used to attack the more conscious and gracefully nimble originality of Ezra Pound merely as the critic's choice between two evils, for the critic in this case is primarily interested only in Whitman's "human" and cosmic attributes.

The most witless of men can gaze up at the vast stationary puzzle of the stars and become conscious of the universe—momentarily overawed by the immeasurable and glittering mystery above him. This consciousness is not of the slightest creative importance unless it proceeds, with the aid of imagination and fantasy, to speculate upon what the universe may be concealing and what the relation of earthly dwarfs may be to the walls and veils beyond them. This, of course, would lead to metaphysical conjectures—processes which are not relished by Mr. Munson and all the critics who hug their earth with a prostrate and artfully disguised vehemence! In their effort to escape from viewing and praising such a consciousness, they assign it to a man who did not really possess it—to Walt Whitman—so that a pretext may be found for ignoring actually metaphysical writers. Literary originality in its entirety signifies an endless, irreverent darting in every conceivable direction that can promise relatively new, or less worn shades of thought and emotion, and fresher methods of presentation to fit these shades. It is therefore discomfiting and obnoxious to those literary critics who prefer writers to remain upon one designated area of content and quality—one "deep, vital center" which is no more deep and vital than other centers, except that it represents the critic's deep and immovable bias! This determination to belittle and side-step the quality of originality extends to most of the other critics —to men as apparently separated as Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch, Mr. Ernest Boyd, and Mr. Laurence Stallings—and the fundamental harmony indicated leads one to certain suspicious surmises. American literary criticism will never progress beyond these suspicions—beyond factional disputes and the secret agreements beneath these exterior warfares—unless it abandons its aversion to originality, unimpeded intellect, fantasy, and deliberate emotion, and endeavors to stride side by side with each of these significant and slighted elements.

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Humpty Dumpty's Wall

HUMPTY DUMPTY. By BEN HECHT. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

THE KINGDOM OF EVIL. By BEN HECHT. Chicago: Pascal Covici. 1925. $10.

Reviewed by JOHN PEALE BISHOP

"HUMPTY DUMPTY," now belatedly reviewed, is in every respect a typical Hecht novel. It displays Mr. Hecht's cleverness, his "many clevernesses," his bravado rising at times to lewd rakishness, his facility with journalistic summaries, his minor irritations at the grossness of the mob at times amounting almost to rage. Judged by its predecessors, it will be seen that "Humpty Dumpty" represents Mr. Hecht at his maturest and best. It is indeed a Hecht novel; but one wonders, remembering that there were novels before "Erik Dorn," whether that phrase is not a contradiction in terms. Mr. Hecht has many gifts; but it is by no means clear that the ability to construct a novel is among them.

His name was Kent Savaron. He was blond and well built. His face during those moments when he was not experimenting with expressions, was aquiline and indignant. When he stood before a mirror he would sometimes twist his mouth and cheeks into the violent faces which children make when overcome with ennui. He would think, "When I get so I'm ashamed to make faces like this then I'll know I'm an old fool.

There is no necessity to read further than this, the second paragraph of the introduction of the protagonist, to know that we are once more in the presence of the familiar Hecht hero. As to who that hero is, there can be, I think, no doubt. The disguise is meagre. The assumption of youth and yellow hair—of a pretty name and a preputial appendage—will hardly deceive anyone. That pose before the mirror is already suspicious; and one has only to read on a little further to make sure that our hero is none other than the author himself. Kent Savaron is Chicago, Semite, Iconoclast. Briefly it might be said (I judge only by internal evidence) that Erik Dorn was that phase of Mr. Hecht in which he was most like himself; Savaron seems to be that side of him which approximates most closely to Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim.

It is necessary to insist upon this identification of Mr. Hecht with his hero in order to point out how definitely he has failed in this his most elaborate attempt, to creat a character? There is every evidence that Mr. Hecht has been at some pains to give his protagonist an appearance of reality. He has invented for Savaron a situation which should have allowed him to emerge clearly and completely, separable not only from the other paler figures of the narrative, but also from his creator. Savaron's marriage to Stella Winkelberg, his gradual extinction at the hands of her dull, tenaciously conventional family; his ambitious approach to Chicago from some tiny, unknown town of the Middle West, and his slow suppression by the citizens of that most mean city—these are circumstances admirably contrived to bring Savaron's particular strength and weaknesses into play, to show him not as a vain and vague adumbration of the author's mind, but as a character having its own fictional life and moving, once he has been set in motion, by his own force.

However, nothing of the kind happens. Mr. Hecht seems to have his theme (that of a man and woman bound to each other by an overwhelming sexual attraction, but painfully apart in every conception whether of thought or action) constantly in mind, but he cannot, somehow, manage to keep up his interest in it. He is quite willing at any time to drop it for the sake of an ingenious metaphor, or for even less reason. He is not content to give us Savaron's reactions to the Winkelbergs—though in all conscience they would seem to have been lively enough—he must forever be giving us his own reactions to these dull Chicagoans. And though Mr. Hecht allows himself ample space to set down Savaron's ideas on every conceivable subject, from Scriabine to Poincaré, from women in love to the last days of the dinosaurs, though again and again, of his own accord, he points out how essentially valueless these ideas are, and how impotent is Savaron's "genius," there is at no time any suggestion that Mr. Hecht is actually thinking in terms of a character. We know from Proust what an aid it is in "placing" a character to be given his opinions on art, on politics, on no matter what; but in order for these "ideas" to have the slightest value in a novel, it is necessary that the illusion be preserved that they proceed themselves from the mind of the character. And not only is Mr. Hecht unable to manage the mental processes of a personage unlike himself (the mind of a Winkelberg is, as Mr. Hecht says, a conglomeration of newspaper paragraphs, but it is Mr. Hecht, not Mr. Winkelberg, who has read the papers), he cannot, despite his obvious honesty and the rigor of his self-criticism, impart to this blond and youthful image of himself anything more than a momentary reality and an ephemeral breath. Savaron cannot think for himself, and he does not move of himself. The notion that he could take his own life is absurd. His suicide is arranged by Mr. Hecht to suit his own convenience ("Humpty Dumpty" had at this point run past 350 pages) just as he forces Stella into a senseless and incredible promiscuity with men not for her pleasure but his own.

There are traces in Mr. Hecht's style of Huysmans, James Joyce, the wits of the *Yellow Book*, H. L. Mencken, Carl Sandburg, and Maxwell Bodenheim, perhaps of Arthur Machen; but in spite of these many influences Mr. Hecht's style remains peculiarly his own—that of a clever and restless journalist who can seize anything that comes under his eye with speed and nothing with precision, to whom no aspect of human life is alien and none quite worth his protracted attention, who is aware of everything that is going on in the world but hardly of the difference between the two objects immediately under his hand. He has undoubtedly felt a genuine indignation in the presence of the democratic mass, but when he comes to vent his rage it sputters in his mouth. He is sensual, but he has not brooded long enough over the objects of desire to come away with a fine disgust or any new appreciation of the emotions that accompany desire. He is familiar with modern scientific theories, but has used them not to illuminate his own experience but as a substitute for observation. He is in short Chicago, Semite, Iconoclast.

Aside from his perverse sense of man as a noble animal never "omitting ceremonies of bravery in

HARDY'S BIRTHPLACE
(*See page* 808)

the infamy of his nature," there is another conception which seems to underly much of "Humpty Dumpty" and pervade the whole of "The Kingdom of Evil." This is nowhere expressed with all the clarity one could ask for though it is at least made intelligible in the novel; whereas in the fantasy it becomes pretty hopelessly involved in the processions of hemaphrodites, visions of naked women, vague intellectual gods, and other paraphernalia of a stale and familiar kind. This—from one of Savaron's conversations—seems to be the gist of it: "The human mind is building itself up with its own logical and discernible forces. Listen—the conventions, philosophies, codes—all the works it prides itself on—they're a wall being built against life. Do you get the idea? This wall, it keeps on growing. It's got a secondary life of its own. That's what thought has become. And it keeps on increasing and making a great wall of itself."

The means which Mr. Hecht has taken to expose this idea in "The Kingdom of Evil" are hardly such as commend themselves as art, still less do they help to make the idea itself convincing. The two books, the one realistic, the other fantastic, are not so different as on the surface they may appear. "Humpty Dumpty" is simply Ben Hecht before the mirror, "The Kingdom of Evil," Ben Hecht through a looking-glass.

The first English Bible came from the press of the University of Oxford in England exactly two and a half centuries ago. The Oxford University Press was granted the right to print the King's books, notably the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, by Charles the First in 1632. In 1675 a quarto English Bible was printed at the Sheldonian theatre.

The Dashing Arlen

MAY FAIR. By MICHAEL ARLEN. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT has seemed to me that Mr. Arlen's sprightly tales have become the popular light reading of this decade in much the same fashion that those of Anthony Hope, beginning with "The Dolly Dialogues", found their way into every drawing-room in a period now long past. The reading public is always rather jaded and always welcomes a light and entertaining *divertissement* romantic enough to somersault over probabilities and do a successful turn on the literary stage by sheer force of charm. Then again, there was "The New Arabian Nights" of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. As Mr. Arlen bows across the footlights, it is time to reread them. Stevenson could be extremely sprightly and he can teach a posture.

Autres temps, autres moeurs! Mr. Arlen is absolutely of his day. He is sly and sparkling in the *môde*—and sometimes a little thin and sometimes a trifle cheap,—and extremely childish often in his worshipful regard for the fine bucks and ladies of Mayfair. Even an Englishman could not be so worshipful; and, incidentally, no Englishman would lout nearly so low. Mr. Arlen brings an entirely foreign enthusiasm—and, saying this, we pause. For Laurence W. Meynell learned from Mr. Arlen and produced "Mockbeggar," and surely Meynell is a true Briton,—and, all we can mutedly murmur is "My God!"

Mr. Meynell's book shows what will happen if the Arlen method is carried too far. But often Mr. Arlen himself carries it too far. He cloys, he offends the palate. Iris Storm merges into Rachael Massinger. What it is to be a fascinator in London!

Here is heroine worship indeed! And the great climactic interview in "The Green Hat" somehow merges into a vision of the "England is Proud of You" number in Charlot's Revue with the inimitable Beatrice parading as "Britannia." The scene explodes into travesty.

Yet we found "These Charming People" and "The Green Hat" mortally easy to read, and "May Fair" is just as readable. Arlen so enjoys his concoctions as to transmit great delight in his high-spirited nonsense to the reader. He is devilishly ingenious, with a not always excessive swagger. His pen is facile but truly artful. He properly exploits his best talents, and they are by no means to be despised.

No, in the words of one of Mr. Arlen's mad young men, "It is insane to work from grubby birth to grubby death with never an attempt to chain a star, with never a raid on enchantment, with never a try to kiss a fairy or to live in a dream." It is poetry and romance that Mr. Arlen pilfers from the ulster pockets of Reality, white rabbits of poetry and romance, exhibiting them with a prestidigitator's twist of the wrist. His people match poetic pennies. There is always a delightful "dying fall" to their thought and conversation. Thumb your Browning. "How sad and bad and mad it was,—but then how it was sweet!" However I misquote, that is the gist of a good deal that Mr. Arlen has to say to the average reader. And the average reader enjoys the violet melancholy of just such vicarious experience. For the average reader is really a devil of a fellow in his own mind.

And then there's usually a dash of tragedy and a decided dash of humour. Mr. Arlen has learned his craft too well not to mix up his sentiment with other spicier ingredients. He can tell an out-and-out sentimental story with a quite cynical air. He can shake up a soft drink and decant it for you as if it were perilous decoction. You don't realize it is a soft drink until after it has all gone down with a flourish.

And that signifies the touch of the accomplished craftsman. The touch is usually there, even upon the thinnest material. And the dexterity of this artful writer in manipulating the plots of his stories is a genuine gift. Sometimes he achieves true poignance, gives one the thrill of real tragedy. Always he is incredibly urbane, and a rattling *raconteur*, even when he is talking about comparatively nothing. That "The Green Hat" should prove a stage success will hardly surprise, for Mr. Arlen's sense of the dramatic is sharp.

We have not discussed individual stories in the new entertainment entitled "May Fair," because lovers of frivolity may pick and choose, and should buy the book if they want to sample it.

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The Portrait of a Man

POWER. By ARTHUR STRINGER. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by H. L. PANGBORN

MR. STRINGER, who began his literary career thirty years ago with a couple of volumes of poems that attracted considerable attention, and who has produced a long series of respectable novels of a wide range in variety, rises with this new book far above anything he has heretofore done. It is a novel that sticks out head and shoulders above the ephemeral, fashionable stories of the day, chiefly because of its conception, its matured understanding and envisagement of life, its breadth and sureness of vision. The philosophy that underlies it reminds one somewhat of the attitude of a Thackeray: an understanding pity for the tragedy of human life, critical, even unsparing yet genial, in no wise impatient or angry, and always seeing things in their due proportions. The execution of the book is also masterly; a triumph of technique, both in its surface finish and in its construction. It has style, in the sense of Mr. Brownell's use of that term, and in its exemplifications of the Greek maxim of "nothing too much."

It is the portrait of one man, a "strong man" who has lived only for power, who has gained his ends, ruthlessly, and finds the result not altogether satisfying although he is far from being unhappy. Indeed, he is at peace with himself, untroubled by any remorse for the wreckage he has left behind him: yet, at the back of him is a sense that he has missed something, a certain bravado in his attitude toward his children, the son who openly despises and defies him and the elder daughter who has made a complete mess of her life. Everything else is subordinated to the presentation of this one man, John Rusk, the "self-made" railroad magnate who has worked his way up from the yards, the shops and the clerkships to the presidency of a great trans-continental railroad system, the making of which has been his personal achievement.

Power—construction at any cost, the defeat of rivals by any available means. At one point he makes use of a woman for the undoing of a labor leader and also of an aristocratic incompetent whom he wants to get rid of, with no feeling that such things "aren't done." Incidentally, the suicide of this incompetent is an extraordinarily fine example of concentrated, restrained tragedy. That restraint and an accurate sense of proportion are the distinguishing traits of the book. Most attempts to draw such a figure as that of Rusk tend to burlesque or mere melodrama. But Mr. Stringer never exaggerates: his man is all there, shown "in the round" but there is never any distortion, however you look at him.

A Moral Holiday

MR. GODLY BESIDE HIMSELF. By GERALD BULLETT. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH

Mr. Godly, who had been middle-aged at twenty-five and had then contracted a marriage of prudence and warm friendliness, was at forty-two an adolescent, his mind invaded by cruelly tantalizing visions of ideal beauty. From time to time that ideal became flesh, and he beheld its glory. . . . The latest and most miraculous of these incarnations was now employed . . . to type the firm's letters in Leadenhall Street; and she had come, he told himself bitterly, only just in time to save him from the suicide he still contemplated. The frustration of unappeasable desires was driving him, slowly but certainly, to self-destruction. That was a way out which the malign fates had no power to deny him. He had planned the thing in considerable detail; indeed some of the happiest moments of his life had been occupied in planning it.

TELL yourself what one of the Edwardian novelists would have made of the familiar predicament of middle life which Mr. Bullett's sentiment and humor have leavened into extravaganza; what one of the "behaviorists" might have done with it in four or five hundred pages of clinical observation; recollect the current in the "stream of consciousness" of Joyce's Mr. Bloom that carries the same theme; then read the story of Mr. Godly's elopement with his typist, Miss Maia M'Gree, and you may well believe that the weather is changing from Cimmerian to fair and warmer. But Joyce and Lawrence and several of the Edwardians were—to write retrospectively of the living—men of genius, and Mr. Bullett is a man of talent? Yes, that is something like the truth, I suppose. But it seems highly probable that the very word "genius," in so far as it implies romantic individualism, is swiftly coming into disrepute in a world which chooses to laugh for a season at and with the inescapable ironies. Those who cannot bring themselves to celebrate with mirth an armistice between the "unappeasable desires" and the limitations which life imposes upon them, seem nowadays to be renewing themselves in the supreme romanticism of religion for still another attack on the imperfections of human life and human nature. Romantic genius, no doubt, will be reappearing one of these days as religious genius. Meanwhile, let us hope, there will be a great many men of talent, like Mr. Bullett, light-heartedly celebrating a moral holiday of sentiment and humor, in an atmosphere not quite so bland as the words might suggest, but tonic with irony.

"He had not wanted the impossible," Mr. Bullett writes of Mr. Godly. "His demands of life were far more modest. All he had wanted, and wanted still, was . . . eternal youth, immortality, truth, beauty, goodness and perpetual ecstasy. With these trifles he would have been perfectly content; for he was not grasping man." So Mr. Godly reflected when the fantastic adventures, begun when he escorted his typist to her home in Wimbledon, had carried him beyond the furthest boundaries of what he had considered his "unappeasable desires." The middle-aged fugitive from the Mercantile Hope Corporation was becoming alarmed. The ways of a "season-ticket" holder had fallen so far behind in his pursuit of Maia M'Gree that the full moon, which to be sure had been shining with extraordinary effulgence when he had set out from Wimbledon, had turned green.

All the world, indeed, was a symphony of green, from the profound green nigritude of the forest-trees to the region of sky, hued like an unripe lemon. . . . Mr. Godly, catching sight of his own hands, was frightened by them. He was impressed by the beauty of this enchantment . . . but it destroyed his peace of mind, and it made him tremble to find himself in a capricious universe. It was pleasant enough, in the security of his office in Leadenhall Street, to be promised the impossible by a charming young lady; but a green moon was more than he had reckoned on.

Mr. Godly, however, is dogged enough to continue in his perilous world of fantasy until the young lady who seems to have conjured it requites him after her fashion. His retreat from the rewarding ecstasy to the Mercantile Hope Corporation and his suburban home is successfully manœuvred, although there are moments when it seems highly probable that he will be delivered over to a refuge for those who are the incurable dupes of their dreams. Reconciled to his middle-aged wife, who has had her taste of the handsome unrealities which have beguiled and bewildered her husband, he is about to "plight her a new and profound troth." She flees to the scullery. Fearing that emotion has overcome her, Mr. Godly follows.

"What is it, darling?" he inquires.

"It's all right," says Florence, "I just remembered I'd left the milk on the stove. . . . You were saying, John . . .?

With such an almost imperceptible jar Mr. Godly comes to earth. Suicide, the South Seas, a new cycle of disillusion, apparently are out of date.

Woodsmoke

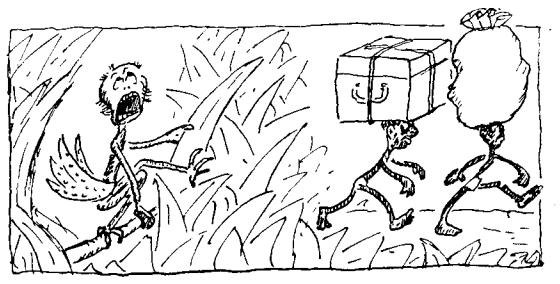
(With Apologies to Francis Brett Young)

AT a quarter past five the *safari* started. Antrim marched in front with Rawley. Behind him came Asmani, armed only with a *koboko* and, at his heels, Tincaan carrying both *donga* and *kijabe*. The *m'toto* walked beside Mrs. Rawley's *shamba*. There followed the files of *redcapi*, treading warily with bent knees under their sixty-pound *shenzi*. The armed *askari* brought up the rear.

The sun leapt up and the light proclaimed Africa, the Africa of the *tove* and the *borogove*, the *paderewski* and the *pajama*. The dead ashen silver of the *'bagwe* contrasted with the auburn locks of the *m'ginnis*. Deep in the bush, with inexpressible melancholy, an *o'conor* began its complaint, as shrill as the keening of the *o'hara*.

The light flooded the recesses of the *subwayo*, so piercing in its brilliance that the tremulous *uneeda* of the *postum* glittered like *nabisco*, so intense in its heat that the *swetto* poured from the glistening. back of the *nigro*.

Jimmy Antrim's singularly honest eyes of deepest blue searched the *kiwanis*, ever alert for signs of the deadly *octopi* and the edible *fungi*. But always his thoughts were engaged with the Rawleys, with Mrs. Rawley in particular. Did that tall, slim, silent woman with golden eyes really love her husband? How could she love a fat man, when his own six feet of lean muscle and lithe sinew, topped by ten inches of bone, were disengaged? He thought of the brilliance of his own red hair, glowing like



Deep in the bush an *o'conor* began its complaint

the *mazda*, the copper hue of his own sincere freckles, the extraordinary honesty of his own blue eyes. Surely the wife of this gross creature must eventually love someone else—why not now? And Africa is the easiest country in the world to lose a husband in!

But suppose—suppose that her straying affections should come to rest on the *m'toto!* The thought agonized him.

II

They were encamped in a *bogglywallah*, by the side of a great *wapagaza*, whose grateful shade gave them relief from the sun, while the murmur of its waters soothed their ears and the splendour of its plumage rejoiced their eyes. Asmani, the *antjemima*, came to Antrim, his face glowering like a *bozo*.

"*Bigga stiffo*," he said. "The *redcapi* have deserted *en massi*. There is none left to carry the *lugadge*."

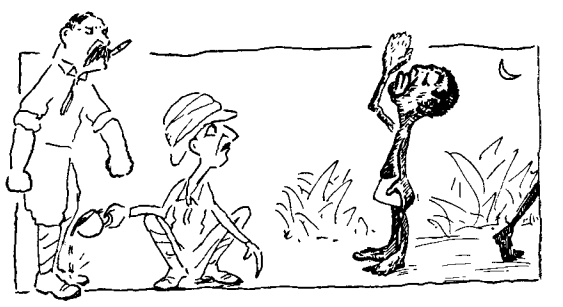
Antrim, suffering from the dread scourge of the tropics, *pricklyeet*, was irritable.

"*Texaco socony sunoco mobiloil veedol!*" he exclaimed with bitter scorn.

Asmani turned pale but stood his ground. "*Halitosis pyorrhea pepsodent*," he answered firmly.

It was true and Antrim knew it. "*Dioxgen!*" he hissed and turned to Rawley. "You heard what he said. There is no other way."

"My God!" exclaimed Rawley, aghast. "Is it as bad as it sounds?"



"Bigga stiffo," he said, "the redcapi have deserted"

"Almost," said Antrim moodily.

"There is but one hope," said Asmani. "*Popocatapetl chimborazo!*"

"No!" cried Antrim, horrified, unable to credit what he had heard.

"Either that or *balisand lavengro*," replied Asmani.

There could be no room for doubt. It stared them in the face. The *fujiyama* were *kilimanjaro*. It was their lives or theirs. Something must be done at once, no matter what it was.

Unfortunately, at that moment, the *m'toto* approached them. Its long furry ears flapped disconsolately, its feathers were bedraggled, it limped on three legs, holding the fourth clear of the ground. Thrusting its little hand into the great paw of Tincaan, it flapped its wings and brayed. The sight was too much for Rawley's tense nerves. His terrible temper was beyond control in an instant.

"You devil!" he screamed and raised his *gorgonzola*. Tincaan was at his throat before he could strike. Over they went, scattering the *banjo* like dry leaves. Tincaan's fingers locked about the throat of Rawley. Antrim shouted "*Radiola ampico!*" and throttled Tincaan.

And then, as by a miracle, the thing happened! The *m'toto* spoke! In a high shrill voice, it wailed "*Trochee spondee! Trochee spondee a-a-anapest!*"

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Rawley gasped and fainted. Tincaan staggered to his feet and fled. Antrim and Asmani, almost overcome by the horror of the thing, leaped behind the nearest tree. When they looked again the *m'toto* was gone!

III

To-morrow came, for anything can happen in Africa, the land of surprises. Antrim left the camp in search of game, preferably the sleek, spotted *mahjong*, the most timorous of all animals. Vast herds of *bezique*, tribes of *casino*, multitudes of *solitaire* crossed his path unheeded. He heard the thrilling chorus of the bird-song, the tiny *gazabo*, the brilliant *hoosis*, the great crested *oofle*.

He emerged from the dark *subwayo* and the light dazzled his eyes. He saw a shape coming toward him. "My God! The *m'toto!*" He raised his rifle. His finger felt the trigger. Then, of a sudden, he dropped his gun and ran forward. It was Janet Rawley!

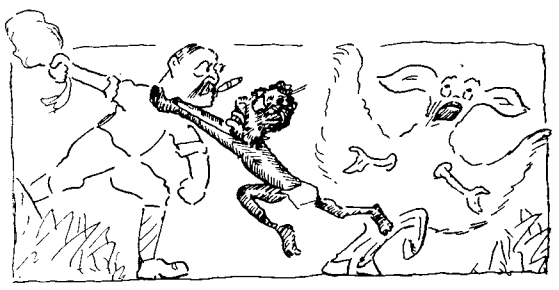
"Why are you here?" he asked, in agony.

"My husband was drunk last night," she said quietly.

It was his duty to save her. He took her in his arms. She stood it very well. He pressed her closer. She clung to him. He kissed her and she responded.

"Come with me," he said, "I'm much nicer. I get drunk much less frequently."

"Well," she murmured. "If you say so."



The m'toto flapped its wings and brayed

They did not see another, different shape emerge from the dark *subwayo*. It was Rawley's. He stopped dead in his tracks and a horrid leer overspread his obese countenance. "Africa is the easiest country in the world to lose a wife in!" he said grimly. He heard a noise behind him and turned. He stood face to face with the *m'toto!*

IV

The sun rose and found them already up and travelling due northward, all that were left—Jimmy Antrim, Janet and Asmani. It was sixty miles to the Pangani River and they must make it by midnight or not at all that day. Step by step, they fought their way through thorn-bush. Step by step, they climbed the *slipperyellum* and step by step they slid down the other side. Always step by step they advanced, for they knew no other method of advancing.

Twenty miles on their way, Janet fainted. Antrim seized her in his arms and plunged forward. Ten miles further, Asmani collapsed. Antrim took his rifle in his teeth, hung their luggage on his ears and shouldered Asmani. "That's about as many as I have room for," he said grimly and, cheered by the thought, he again plunged forward. At twelve midnight he heard the sound of rushing water. It was the Pangani. Janet opened her eyes.

"Where is my husband?" she asked.

"The *m'toto* got him," said Antrim quietly.

"Did it—eat him?" she queried.

"Only partially," Antrim reassured her.

"Jimmy, dear one," she murmured, as she lay in

"My husband was drunk last night," she said quietly.

his arms. "Would you mind one more question?" He bent to hear her whispered words.

"Jimmy, dearest," she faltered, "What the hell *is* a *m'toto?*"

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

Illustrations by CLARENCE DAY, JR.

The BOWLING GREEN

Postscript to the Log

THAT morning the Nigger was first on deck. Behind Duck Island breakwater, where the *Narcissus* (a 41-foot ketch) had taken shelter the night before, it was quiet, warm, and hazy; but there was a kind of omen in the air. *7 A. M. Bar. 29.64—light breeze SSW* was the Nigger's entry in the rough log, for he was learning the laconic brevity esteemed in log-books. But he mentioned his suspicions of the weather to the Skipper. The latter, by the simple act of putting on his cap, was ready for command: he had turned in all standing after a hard day.

The Nigger lit the fire and put on Charley Noble Senior to speed the draught. In sailing craft, as perhaps I don't need to tell you, the top section of the galley stove-pipe, with its lateral vents to keep rain out of the fire and to catch the air at any slant of wind, is traditionally known as Charley Noble. But the spare cylinder of pipe, tall and open at the top, put on when a hot stove was needed in a hurry, we had honored with the name of Noble Sire or Charley Noble Senior. (The two, collectively, were referred to as the Two Noble Kinsmen.) When the Skipper saw Noble Senior put on, his eye always brightened; this meant that victual was toward.

A wonderful quiet morning, the light air gradually hauling to westward, a hazy pallor all round the horizon. In that widest stretch of Long Island Sound we were soon out of sight of land; no other craft was visible; we rippled softly in a great vacancy made all the more precious by faint foreboding that something was stirring in the far blue hollows of the weather. It grew so surprisingly hot that the Nigger wondered whether some of his warmth wasn't due to sunburn. The Skipper was overhauling gear in the forepeak. "Were you rumbling something down there?" asked the Nigger presently. The Skipper said No; so that almost inapprehensible rolling of weights, that soft shifting of huge volumes of air, must have been thunder. The glass kept pretty steady around 29.63 and .64; the Skipper enhanced the mid-ocean feeling of our shimmering solitude by getting out his sextant and shooting the sun. But a pleasant lethargy circled in our veins; the Skipper did not work out the position, contenting himself by narrating how once, passenger in S. S. *Tuscania* at sea, Captain David Bone had allowed him to take a noon observation from the bridge; but, rattled by the proximity of this famous navigator, the amateur misread his tables. When he presently announced his finding of *Tuscania's* position he had located her somewhere in the placid waters of Lake Sebago, Maine. At midday the *Narcissus* was softly dipping in a lucid calm. To put on some porridge to simmer was all the Nigger could persuade himself to achieve. He even forgot (and now remembers it with chagrin) to clean up the sticky place at the back of the grocery cupboard, where in the heavy rolling of the day before a tall marmalade jar, too loosely wedged, had toppled over and oozed a sirupy juice. Presently came a slant of breeze from NE and land was duly ho'd. This was Herod Point; and the name sounded threatening too.

* * *

So passed the warm divisions of early afternoon. A spell of airless silence, a breath of air from SE; another sleepy interim and a puff from ESE: the beguiling comedians of Aeolus seeking to distract their audience's attention from what was really preparing behind the backdrop. Only the boatman's ever-present necessity of something to be done kept the two from yielding to the torpor that was heavy in their legs. The Skipper got out his lead line and marked off fathom lengths with scraps of flannel. The Nigger finished a painting job that had been keeping him busy on the cabin roof. The dinghy was lashed a little more firmly to the deck. Both remarked the number of insects that came aboard: a ladybug, a wasp, and two or three other flitting midgets. Instead of blundering about for a moment or so and then winging away, as they usually do a few miles offshore, these creatures seemed disposed to crawl into corners and take cover. The Nigger found the wasp tucking himself into a niche in the very angle of the stem, between the bowsprit and the deck. Surely, he said to himself, this too is a sign of storm. He made sure that the porridge was well anchored on the stove, and sat to write up the log. In the pleasures of that task he was completely absorbed: his pipe was drawing well, the Skipper was ware and watchful at the wheel: for the time being, all portent and presage had vanished from his mind. It was eight minutes past four when the master called down "I think it's really coming." They hastened to get down the mainsail and stow away the painting job which had been drying on the cabin trunk. Just as the thick clouds let loose their rain—at 4:35, when commuters get ready to leave the office and make for the train; for all Long Island thunderstorms are justly calculated to catch the homeward traffic—a little school of porpoises came plunging almost alongside of us. When you see them from the tall deck of a liner you can't hear the snorting sneeze they make each time they emerge. They came close by on the starboard side, until we could see their little eyes catch sight of us: they dived under and vanished. Within the next hour, with drenching tattoos of rain, musketry of hail, and lively stripes of lightning, we were almost as wet as they.

* * *

A long steadily pouring wet night was what he expected. Now, off Mount Misery (which you will find near Port Jefferson on the map) came a flavorous southeastern breeze. It was strong with all the odors of wet pinewoods and dripping May earth. Only Long Island, exclaimed these two enthusiasts, could so tincture an air with whiffs of richness. The Nigger, still pondering the problem of getting into the narrow rulings of the log-book as much as possible, asked whether it would be too literary to note *5.50 Mount Misery abeam. A beaker full of the warm South.* In this fresh and resiny current they laid their course West. Thunder and lightning seemed to have gone by. Even, at 6.45, all seeming propitious, they were wondering whether the mainsail might safely be raised again. At midnight, they were reckoning, they ought to make Glen Cove.

* * *

"If this one hasn't got wind in it, I never saw any," said the Skipper. His tone brought the Nigger instantly to the companion. In the northwest was a huge white raft of cloud, curiously whorled and voluted over itself, not unlike the downward curve of the water at Niagara's edge. Behind it was dark purple; under it, ink-black. There was just time to sling on an oilskin coat and stand by the mizzen sheet. When it struck, carrying level shots of rain, this was no mere wind. It was a solid body, moving from somewhere to somewhere else at sixty miles an hour. The purple water was instantly ribbed with crisping parallels of silver, which, as soon as they were high enough, were whipped off in ragged membranes. Down to her lee rail *Narcissus* wallowed. The jibboom snapped: the jib, catching tons of pressure in that sharp angle, might well have gone to ribbons but didn't. Both, though they didn't admit it until later, waited to see the mast go; which would have meant the lee shore of Mount Misery a mile away. Why, was the first thought of the Nigger, as he sat on the weather gunwale up to his hams where the seas were creaming down from forward, Why did he rename her *Narcissus?* She's going to do the same thing as Conrad's. I wonder which is more anxious in such moments: to be Skipper at the wheel, with the full responsibility; or to be Nigger hanging onto the weather stay, winking sluices of salt from your eyes and waiting to obey whatever orders may come. But, as the Skipper remarked, it can't blow like this very long. It did, though. Half an hour can be a long time. Of course you know that a solid bit of Maine boatbuilding won't turn turtle; and yet when you crawl into the cabin to look at the barometer after twenty minutes of hurricane, you rather expect her to go Jonesward as soon as you are below. The Nigger hasn't forgotten that barometer reading. It was 29.62. It had turned upward again. Nor did he ever know exactly how the potatoes that had been boiling on the stove got into the coal bin.

As Conrad said in his title-page motto for the original *Narcissus*—"My Lord discovered a great deal of love to this ship."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Reviewed by C. R. PLUNKETT.

THIS volume consists of a series of lectures, delivered before the Paleontology Club of Yale University by members of the Yale faculty. Aside from a general relation to the subject indicated by the title, they have little community of subject matter or viewpoint.

In the first lecture, "The Terrestrial Environment in its Relation to Plant Life," Professor Nichols considers principally the inorganic factors of the environment, and discusses the manner in which their selective action on plants is effected. His discussion of the principles of Limiting Factors, Compensating Factors, and the reactions of the organism to environmental changes is the most important portion of this contribution, and affords a glimpse of the possibility of treating ecological problems from a strictly scientific viewpoint. Apparently, however, Professor Nichols does not recognize that what he calls "Bancroft's Law" is nothing more or less than Le Chatelier's Law of Dynamic Equilibrium, perhaps the most far reaching concept that has been introduced into modern biology.

Professor Woodruff's lecture, "The Protozoa and the Problem of Adaptation" says very little as to the origin of the adaptations which he describes. He recognizes explicitly that in the Protozoa, as in higher organisms, mutation and natural selection constitute the only natural explanation of organic adaptation; but he qualifies this statement in a way which may prove confusing to the lay reader.

Professor Petrunkevitch, in "Environment as a Stabilizing factor," uses parasitic worms as his illustrations. His thesis is that environment acts, on the whole, as a stabilizing factor, preventing rather than encouraging, departures from the established type. Professor Petrunkevitch seems to think that this conception is contrary to the theory of natural selection in Darwin's sense; but it seems to the present writer perfectly clear that Darwin and most of his followers have conceived natural selection as acting in precisely this way most of the time; so long, in general, as all factors of the environment, biotic as well as physical, remain unchanged.

Professor Coe's lecture, "Mutation and Environment," which constitutes chapter iv of the volume, should, by all means, have been put first, as it furnishes the explanation of the mass of facts, from various fields of Botany, Zoology, and Paleontology, set forth in the other lectures. He presents, simply yet accurately, the solution of the problem of organic evolution which has been achieved by direct experimental study in the past fifteen years, and which has apparently not yet become at all familiar to those outside this immediate field. Professor Coe discusses the nature of mutations, their cause, rate, direction, extent, and relation to the origin of adaptations: and points out clearly the role of the environment as purely *selective* in its action. In conclusion he expresses what is probably the almost unanimous conviction of those acquainted, at first hand, with the experimental evidence: "the theory of chance mutations is quite sufficient to account for *all* organic evolution under such environmental conditions as select now one, now another of the countless mutations for survival."

The last four lectures deal with matters which are, in their nature, not capable of scientific proof, in the usual sense of that term; namely, the relations to their environment of extinct plants and animals and of prehistoric man. Dr. Wieland treats of fossil plants, Professor Dunbar of fossil Cephalopods, Professor Lull of Dinosaurs and Dr. Huntington of primitive man. This kind of speculation will carry more or less conviction according, principally, to the training of the reader: if his training be in physics, chemistry, or modern experimental biology, rather less than more. Once the ghost of Lamarckism flits dubiously across Professor Dunbar's page; this tenacious spectre is apparently not yet completely laid, at least for the paleontologist. Professor Lull's use of such phrases as "racial senility", "radical disease," as explanations of evolutionary phenomena seems a far cry from the viewpoint of Professor Coe's lecture in the same volume. And Dr. Wieland's mathematical feat of solving an equation with three unknowns, and no known factors, to obtain numerical values for all three of them, is scarcely a fair example of what is meant by quantitative methods in biology. Dr. Huntington has sketched a vivid and plausible picture of the environmental factors determining the evolution of the human race in its infancy; one can only wonder whether a dozen other, entirely different but equally plausible, such sketches might not be drawn by other geographers.

In any rapidly developing science, it is inevitable that a symposium of this kind will exhibit great heterogeneity, not merely in the opinions or points of view, but in the time horizons of its contributors. This situation is particularly marked in contemporary biology, in which a relatively few leaders have advanced so rapidly into the viewpoint and methods of the more exact sciences that the majority of their colleagues have been unable to keep pace with them. It will probably be apparent, to the critical reader of this volume, that Professor Coe's lecture is something altogether different in kind from the rest of the series. It represents, in fact, a different historical period in the development of biology. The remaining lectures might equally well have been written, practically as they stand, twenty years ago.

Darwin is shown especially strongly as the genius wholly unconscious of his power, expressing surprise after meeting Gladstone, so the story runs, that so great a man had paid him so much attention. In addition to his deep reverence for truth which ignored an adverse public opinion and vindicated freedom of thought Darwin possessed a simplicity of life and transparency of thought only rarely encountered. Huxley is shown as the untiring, dynamic defender of scientific truth who threw himself without reserve into the conflict and wore himself out prematurely in a multitude of administrative affairs of national extent. Although Pasteur's field of research was rather far removed from that of the author, the sketch of Pasteur is particularly noteworthy. He is shown as a symbol of the profound and intimate relation which must develop between the study of nature and the religious life of man. In fact, the author would establish a new order of sainthood in this scientist who was "the greatest benefactor of mankind since the time of Jesus Christ."

Among the other naturalists sketched in the volume are the great paleontologists, Cope and Leidy and Theodore Roosevelt, who was distinguished as a naturalist in spite of the fact that these interests were almost completely overshadowed by his administrative activities in the machinery of government.

The volume should be read not only by the budding scientist but also by those who fail to realize how the work of the devotee of science has elevated man's mind above the selfish and sordid in life. The great cause of truth must be advanced by a wide knowledge of the spiritual qualities of its leaders.

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English Poets, and Others

By Edwin Muir

THE Spring season has been brightened by the appearance of a few volumes of unusually fine poetry, darkened somewhat by the shadow of Sir Sidney Lee's portentous life of King Edward VII, edified by a very acute study of the "Principles of Literary Criticism" by the co-editor of the Library of Modern Psychology, and inundated a little less deeply than usual by the expected flood of bad books. Mr. Galsworthy's assembled short stories, though impressive, have received less notice than they would have received a few years ago. On the other hand—what may turn out to be an event of some literary importance—a new monthly review of literature, "The Calendar of Letters, has been started under the editorship of Mr. Edgell Rickword. Finally, a volume of poems by Mr. John Crowe Ransom has appeared with a preface by Mr. Robert Graves; and as Mr. Graves tells us that Mr. Ransom has had little recognition in America, his native land, this event, too, may be noted here as a piece of English news.

The most important of the volumes of poetry is Miss Edith Sitwell's "Troy Park." It contains the finest work she has yet written and gives us a more adequate idea even than "The Sleeping Beauty" of her genius. It is, one feels, like "The Sleeping Beauty," a transitional work. In it we see Miss Sitwell passing from her earlier vision, which was one of metaphysical horror, to a vision more purely human. Her characters are no longer like hard, painted fruits, intensely vivid puppets with a transcendental background; they are creatures who feel, however blindly,

> the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world.

Her earlier vision, though profound and beautiful, was nevertheless in a sense undifferentiated; it was a vision of the existence of humanity as a vegetable existence. It was external, static, and a little monotonous; it is now more various, simply because it is no longer external. In this volume there is not the old horror at the unawakened and brutish life of humanity; the poet suffers with it, and not merely because of it. And as it is this capacity to suffer with the infinite sufferings of humanity which gives literature most of its richness and the artist most of his power, it has added both variety and greater power to Miss Sitwell's poetry. She has not yet passed over decisively from her first manner to her second, however; and several of the poems in "Troy Park," while very moving, are not so moving as they might be. But there are passages of great intensity in the long poems. "The Girl Who Saw Midas"; and "Colonel Fantock" and "The Little Ghost Who Died for Love" are two of the most beautiful poems written in our time. The volume should give Miss Sitwell her true place—and not only for those who have long known that she holds it—as one of the most distinguished of living poets.

The appearance of Mr. Ransom's volume, "Grace After Meat," may be taken as the second most important event of the past few weeks. According to Mr. Graves, Mr. Ransom has had the luck to be recognized adequately by only one American critic, Mr. Christopher Morley, and to him accordingly is due only less honor in this affair than is due to the poet himself. Mr. Ransom is a poet of the same order and the same kind as Mr. Graves. Their ways of apprehending life and handling experience, their preoccupation at the same time with quite ordinary facts and metaphysical problems, their serious attempts to come to terms with themselves and their surroundings, their assumption of intellectual detachment as a means to this: all these qualities make their poems strikingly resemble one another. But Mr. Ransom is not an imitator of Mr. Graves, and one doubts if Mr. Graves has even had any very strong influence upon him. He is bolder both in thought and technique than the author of "Whipperginny"; he is also much colder, however, and almost completely without those sudden temperamental breaks, those flashes of contradictory and compensatory humor, which are not unimportant ingredients in Mr Graves' genius. The one quality which Mr. Ransom possesses in a more perfect degree than Mr. Graves is what one might call a heraldic quality: an ability to translate experience into something which is half myth, half philosophic fable, and in doing that to chill and clarify it. The process which does this is not a "natural magic," but a magic, rather, very intricately managed, a magic neither of the eye nor of the heart, but of the intellect. Poetry such as Mr. Ransom's is very limited. In achieving his effect with such a great deal of help from the intellect the poet does not attain the absolute freedom of great poetry, which comes of a complete resignation to the experience chosen and a complete renunciation of the intellect insofar as it is a protective barrier between the poet and his suffering. The great poet gains freedom from his sufferings by realizing them completely, in a living act of his imagination; Mr. Ransom tries to gain freedom by realizing them intellectually, with the passion of the intellect; but the means are too easy and the relief not complete. His poetry is, like that of Mr. Graves, a poetry of expedience: it is full of wisdom, but it is not free. Nevertheless the intellectual torment we go through in questioning and probing experience is itself part of experience, and not the least exciting part, and it has seldom been treated in English poetry, except by Wordsworth, since the time of the metaphysical poets. This is the aspect of experience with which Mr. Ransom, like Mr. Graves, is chiefly concerned. His treatment of it would be infinitely more satisfying if it were not partly self-protective. Yet his capacity to deal with it is incontestable, and he is undoubtedly one of the most interesting poets of our time.

The other two volumes of poetry which deserve mention are important in themselves but they do not contribute anything new to contemporary literature nor mark any further development in their author's talent. Mr. Gordon Bottomley's "Poems of Thirty Years" contains a large collection of poems by a writer who has written some of the best poetry of his age and some poetry as well, which is very affected and a little dull. It would be presumptuous to make them an opportunity for passing here a judgment on their author. Mr. Edmund Blunden's "Masks of Time" is an admirable volume by an admirable poet.

It is difficult to know what to say about Mr. I. A. Richards' "Principles of Literary Criticism." It is a book which partly through its own fault will get less credit than it deserves; and it will call out, chiefly because it exposes, the faults of most of the people who will review it. One of the critics, for instance, has protested violently because Mr. Richards draws up a chart showing the reader's reactions to a poem, and has stated in extenuation that the miracle of poetic creation is forever beyond our comprehension and not to be approached except in blind reverence. This objection is as a matter of fact irrelevant to a book like the "Principles of Literary Criticism" which sets out to account intellectually for the phenomenon of art—as it would be, indeed, to Aristotle's "Poetics." It may be that the miracle of poetic creation is finally incomprehensible, but the fact remains that certain things can be discovered about it, and that by enquiry we are likely to learn more about it than we would learn by wondering. Mr. Richards' use of an approximately exact, scientific terminology, which has also been objected to, should rather be commended, for his method and his aim are scientific. That aim is briefly to discover the set of values by which criticism should judge works of art. These values, Mr. Richards holds in effect, are not purely æsthetic. He disposes (but not quite decisively) of "the æsthetic emotion" as a thing quite different in character from emotion itself; and he tries to find the criterion of art in our mind, conscious and unconscious: the greatest art being that in which the greatest number of important appetences are given freedom. That this conclusion is right almost every serious student of literature would agree: the value of Mr. Richards' volume resides in its exactitude of statement and in its illuminating consideration of particular aspects of the problem. On the question of metre and rhyme the author is especially good; he shows the profound psychological necessity of these—a valuable thing to do at a time when they have been considered in some quarters to be nothing more than formal idiosyncracies. His chapter on the imagination, his analysis (far too brief) of tragedy, are remarkable, too, and all the better for starting from the memorable sentences which Coleridge devoted to the same themes. The book is more valuable for what it says by the way than for its general conclusions.

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Thomas Hardy

By William Lyon Phelps

ON June 2, 1925, Thomas Hardy was eighty-five years old. He has

that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

I cannot at this moment think of anyone, either famous or obscure, to whom fate has been kinder. To enjoy eighty-five years of sound mental and physical health, to reach eminence in architecture, prose-fiction, poetry, and drama, to receive the applause of the world and the unstinted affection of innumerable friends, to be decorated with the highest honor an Englishman can receive from his country, and above all, to see nature and human nature as only a genius can see it—what more could anyone ask or wish.

It is interesting to observe that those who have seen and talked with him during the last few years do not approach him as a Sage, one who has retired and is now, as Coleridge wittily said of Polonius, "the personification of the memory of wisdom no longer possessed"; his age is quite forgotten by his visitors, for his mind is as active and his creative powers as fresh as though he were forty.

Personal joys and sorrows affect the philosophy only of those whose minds are narrow and commonplace. I knew a woman whose ideally happy married life was blighted by the death of her husband; she had two sons, one of whom died of fever in the prime of life, the other committed suicide; one day, some twenty years before her own death, she became totally and incurably blind; her cumulative sufferings were so terrible that they seemed almost unreal, more like a Greek tragedy than a New England existence. Not for one moment did she lose her faith in God, or the Christian religion, or her (ultimate) optimism. Mr. Thomas Hardy is an absolute and uncompromising pessimist. Let me insist that when I call a man a pessimist, I am not writing an epithet, but a description. There should be no obloquy attached to the word pessimist. Mr. Hardy is a pessimist as I am an American.

Writing books about Mr. Hardy has become the favorite indoor sport of many critics. A good many years ago Lionel Johnson wrote a highly interesting work called "The Art of Thomas Hardy," and Annie MacDonell produced a sprightly biography. A stilted, pretentious, impossible tome appeared years later from the pen of Lascelles Abercrombie, who must, after all, be a good fellow, because his friends like him. Harold Child published a brief critical biography in 1916; in 1917 an interesting work called "George Eliot and Thomas Hardy: a Contrast," was written by Lina Wright Berle; "Thomas Hardy's Wessex," a beautiful and copiously illustrated volume by Hermann Lea, appeared in 1913. A doctor's thesis was taken at the Sorbonne by F. A. Hedgcock, with a book of over 500 pages, called "Thomas Hardy, Penseur et Artiste," which contains much shrewd, sympathetic, and penetrating criticism. Another doctor's thesis, written at Strasbourg by Madeline L. Cazamian, "Le Roman et Les Idées en Angleterre," devotes many pages to Mr. Hardy. Perhaps of all the books I have read on this inviting theme I like best Professor Samuel C. Chew's monograph of some 250 pages, "Thomas Hardy, Poet and Novelist."

Mr. Brennecke's interesting book* opens with an account of a conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Hardy in their Dorchester home in November, 1923, and then jumps back to the fourteenth century, to deal with "Origins." There is also a good deal of literary geography in these and following chapters, as there should be; and although the work has been called "unauthorized" by Mr. Hardy's English publishers, to which Mr. Brennecke made a spirited and convincing reply, I am sure that Mr. Hardy is pleased by his biographer's "strong preference" for the poetry.

And although Mr. Brennecke is as devoted a hero-worshipper as I am, he does not hesitate to pronounce some emphatic differences of opinion. Thus, he quotes and attacks the following two paragraphs, one from "The Return of the Native," the other from the preface to "The Dynasts." Personally I think such statements need no comment to refute them.

The view of life as a thing to be put up with, replacing the zest for existence which was so intense in early civilizations, must ultimately enter so thoroughly into the constitution of the advanced races that its facial expression will become accepted as a new artistic departure. . . .

The truth seems to be that a long line of disillusive centuries has permanently replaced the Hellenic ideal of life, or whatever it may be called. What the Greeks only suspected we know well; what their Æschylus imagined our nursery children feel. That old-fashioned revelling in the general situation grows less and less possible as we uncover the defects of natural laws, and see the quandary man is in by their operation.

The value of Mr. Brennecke's book is considerably enhanced by numerous and characteristic portraits and other illustrations. The picture of Doctor Hardy in his Oxford robes is a proof that universities are perhaps the only institutions in the world that really practice the Christian virtue of turning the other cheek. When one remembers what Mr. Hardy said of Oxford in "Jude the Obscure," his receiving an honorary degree from that university has an oddity all its own. A good parallel may be found nearer home. The late William Roscoe Thayer was responsible for the most bitter attack of Yale University that ever appeared in print. A few years later he was rewarded by an honorary degree from Yale.

In the volume called "Life and Art,"† Mr. Brennecke has performed a distinct service both to his author and to students by his collection of Mr. Hardy's fugitive pieces. The dates of publication range from 1865 to 1923. "The Profitable Reading of Fiction" (1888) will be profitable reading for everybody today. The following paragraph draws a distinction between what I call external and internal reason, and shows why "Main Street," with all its amazing mimicry, is not so great a novel as "The Scarlet Letter."

> To distinguish truths which are temporary from truths which are eternal, the accidental from the essential, accuracies as to custom and ceremony from accuracies as to the perennial procedure of humanity, is of vital importance in our attempts to read for something more than amusement. There are certain novels, both among the works of living and the works of deceased writers, which give convincing proof of much exceptional fidelity, and yet they do not rank as great productions; for what they are faithful in is life garniture and not life. You are fully persuaded that the personages are clothed precisely as you see them clothed in the street, in the drawing-room, at the assembly. Even the trifling accidents of their costume are rendered by the honest narrator. They use the phrases of the season, present or past, with absolute accuracy as to idiom, expletive, slang. They lift their tea-cups or fan themselves to date. But what of it, after our first sense of its photographic curiousness is past? In aiming at the trivial and the ephemeral they have almost surely missed better things. A living French critic goes even further concerning the novelists of social minutiæ. "They are far removed," says he, "from the great imaginations which create and transform. They renounce free invention; they narrow themselves to scrupulous exactness; they paint clothes and places with endless detail."

Mr. Hardy was cruelly and bitterly attacked for the "immorality" of Tess; he defended himself in a subsequent preface; but what does he really think, I wonder, of the general run of novels and plays in 1925? His essay "Candour in English Fiction" (1890), condemns British taste for its refusal to tolerate novels that honestly deal with sex-relations! no English novelist, he complains, can write with frankness.

> What this practically amounts to is that the patrons of literature—no longer Peers with a taste—acting under the censorship of prudery, rigorously exclude from the pages they regulate subjects that have been made, by general approval of the best judges, the bases of the finest imaginative compositions since literature rose to the dignity of an art.

The more things change, the more different they are. Can it be possible that such was the state of affairs in 1890? That accomplished biographer of Fielding, Wilbur Cross, has recently apologized for and taken back every word he said or thought-he-had-said about Fielding's "frankness"; compared with many popular British and American writers of 1925, Fielding wrote like a Sunday School superintendent.

Well, I do not need to ask what Thomas Hardy at this moment thinks of the present state of the British novel. There is in all his own work, besides the revelation of genius, such innate nobility and dignity, that I am quite sure no clergyman could be more disgusted with many of our popular novels than he. If you have the slightest doubt of this, read these sentences in his essay, "The Profitable Reading of Fiction."

> The higher passions must ever rank above the inferior—intellectual tendencies above animal, and moral above intellectual—whatever the treatment, realistic or ideal. Any system of inversion which should attach more importance to the delineation of man's appetites than to the delineation of his aspirations, affections, or humors, would condemn the old masters of imaginative creation from Æschylus to Shakespeare.

When Mr. Hardy reads a new novel, he must say with any ejaculation that happens to be his favorite—"And I used to plead for more frankness!"

Although my own *Weltanschauung* is far removed from Mr. Hardy's, I long ago enrolled myself among the armies of his idolaters. It is strange enough that the same man can be one of the greatest of Victorian novelists and one of the foremost poets of the twentieth century. I used to think it important to insist that his verse is inferior to his prose. But while I still think so and while, with all the genius displayed in "The Dynasts," I find the "Chorus of the Pities" and such supernatural baggage a good deal of a bore, I am so thankful that we have both the poetry and the prose that I don't care a straw which posterity will prefer.

My admiration for this man of genius was increased by meeting him. On September 10, 1900, I walked from the inn at Dorchester to Max Gate, Mr. Hardy's house. On the front door hung a large sign *not at home*. I rang the bell, and when the maid appeared, I asked her if Mr. Hardy was at home. She pointed to the sign, and said, "Can't you read?" "Yes, indeed," said I, "can you? and if so, what are your favorite books?" Either she was overcome by my infinite cheek, or, being a woman, was tender-hearted; at any rate, she fled softly into the interior of the house, and knocked at a door. She soon returned. "Mr. Hardy will see you at three o'clock." I walked on air until that hour, when Mr. Hardy himself received me, and we sat down on a bench in the front yard. He was clad in knickers, with an old coat and a straw hat—a compliment to me, I think, for I had no clothes except my bicycle costume. Either he had looked out of the window and seen my departing form, or he had asked the maid what this particular idiot who had called, looked like. I will not attempt to report his conversation in detail, for no one can do that without lying. Suffice it to say that he was the incarnation of simplicity, dignity, and friendliness; when I could not have blamed him if he had ordered me off the premises. He spoke of the wickedness of hunting and shooting, said he regarded his poems as better than his novels, said that misrepresentation in book reviews hurt him even though he knew their impotence, and said that "A Laodicaean" contained more of his personal experiences than any other of his books. He dictated it in 1881 when he was thought to be his deathbed, or anyhow, seriously ill. Then he said, "Why are you alone? Why didn't she come with you?" I answered, "She hadn't the nerve." "Well, then, both of you come and take tea with us tomorrow in the garden at five o'clock." "Unfortunately," said I, "like all Americans, we have planned our time to a minute. We must leave here tomorrow. But I will see what she says." "Mrs. Hardy and I will have tea anyhow, so come or not just as you please."

On the way back to the inn I had an inspiration. Instead of wheeling to Salisbury the next morning, why not do it that night? There was to be a full moon. At five we started. We reached Egdon Heath and saw it precisely as it is described in that marvelous opening chapter of "The Return of the Native," at the moment when day was slowly being conquered by darkness. And as we looked over the crepuscular scene, the full moon rose. We bicycled all night long—beautiful and interesting scenes as clearly revealed as by daylight. We reached Salisbury in time to take the train back. We entered Mr. Hardy's garden at five. "Ah," said he, "then you decided to stay." "On the contrary, we bicycled to Salisbury, as we had intended.After tea we walked about the grounds and he mentioned that under our feet were the remains of Roman civilization, pottery, and also the bones of Roman soldiers. He spoke much of the topography in the neighborhood, the Roman amphitheatre, "the most perfect rings in England," and Maiden Castle, all of which we took goodcare to see.

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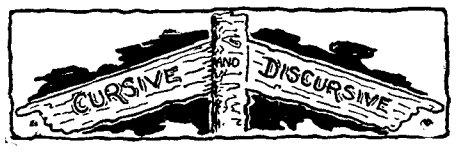
*The Life of Thomas Hardy. By Ernest Brennecke, Jr. New York: Greenberg. 1925.

†Life and Art. By Thomas Hardy. Essays, Notes, and Letters Collected for the First Time with Introduction by Ernest Brennecke, Jr. New York: Greenberg. 1925. Limited Edition.



A BOOK that we have recently pondered much, but too late for reviewing—alas, we lost it in the catacombs of our desk!—now too insistently demands our attention and we must talk of it alone.

In "The Conquered" *Naomi Mitchison* produced one of the outstanding historical novels of modern times. She took the part of the Barbarian against Rome. She succeeded in her translation of the speech of the Gauls and Romans of Caesar's invasion into a modern English colloquialism. She gave us an unforgettable picture of Vercingetorix and painted vividly the time and terrain of the Gallic Wars. It was a notable achievement.

And then, with the inclusion of such fragments as remained from the writing of "The Conquered," she gathered up a full bundle of shorter tales. Again we have Rome opposed to the Barbarian, again that deeply sympathetic probing into the psychology of the slave of that historical period. In a refreshing note at the end of the book, Miss Mitchison discusses what she calls "One's Funny Idea of Ancient History." One learned the Lays at school, remembered "vague incidents in the Punic Wars," can later recall anecdotes of Marius and Lucullus, didn't get much out of "The Gallic Wars," jibbed at the scansion of the poets, got to Nero and the early Chirstians, and came later to Gibbon.

Again we have Vercingetorix the Arvernian as he appears to the Greek Medal-maker in "Got to Put up With it Now"—Vercingetorix in chains, waiting the Roman Triumph. This vivid portrait is an extraordinary feat of the imagination. In "The Triumph of Faith" and the title story we have, respectively, a tale laid in the '60s A. D. and centering on a newly converted household of Christians at Colossa, and a narrative laid in the time of Valens and Honorius, the end of the Fourth and beginning of the Fifth centuries, with Alaric and his Visigoths as background and the climax achieved at the time of the pillaging of Rome. This is the longest story of the book, retaliation and revenge crowning it in the rape of Innocentia by Fravitta, whose Roman father's second wife Innocentia was, and whose mother, Thiudis, was the Roman father's mistress as a Gothic slave. There is, in fact, a certain strain of sadism in Mrs. Mitchison's stories, though she writes with a full-blooded vigor that most male novelists might well envy. Another strong characteristic, however, is her deep sympathy with the child-like temperaments of her barbarian characters. This is, perhaps, shown most strongly in her treatment of Phoebe Martha, Charope, Onesimus, Balas the Cappadocian and Chet the Scythian, in "The Triumph of Faith." Archippus is simply the child's "bad grown-up" while the rôle of "good grown-up" is assigned to Menarchus. The climactical bringing back of Charope to life, with Onesimus, Balas and Chet all praying to their different gods, is stirringly told,—the device of having the different characters tell parts of the story in turn and in the first person is well-handled. They do not speak out of their parts. Both this story and "When The Bough Breaks" (the title tale) are vivid and powerful, narrated with all the gusto that fills a child's imagination enacting exciting events. The revealed thought and the dialogue might almost be of the school playground did it not give so strong an illusion of the straightforward speech of the time. It is this natural and ingenuous forthrightness in Mrs. Mitchison's narration that makes her so good an interpreter of the barbarian. She enjoys writing much as a tomboy enjoys contesting with boys in their most strenuous games. She is happiest when striding or riding with her Goth heroine Gersemi.

But though the colours of her drama are primary and the lines of her literary construction broad and simple and her passion is for the cry *Vae Victis!* (and, at the same time, for the paradoxical glory of the conquered), she does not, by any means, fling herself upon her material haphazardly,—her tales are wrought like intricately-chased torques of bronze. She knows how to heighten suspense, when to let fate or retribution fall. She understands many attitudes of the mind. Her stories are full of movement, barbaric splendor, but full of depth also, and mature wisdom:

If it is sweet
Sweet is short,
If it is bitter
That lasts long.

W. R. B.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE THROUGHOUT THE AGES. By *P. Leslie Waterhouse.* Appleton.

Belles Lettres

IN HIS OWN IMAGE. By Frederick Baron Corvo. Knopf. 1925. $2.75.

Frederick William Serafino Austin Lewis Mary Rolfe, some time Fr. Rolfe and some time Baron Corvo, "spoilt priest" and literary trickster, had almost been forgotten were it not for this book of his stories which have just now been resurrected. And this would have been unfortunate. For Frederick Rolfe alias Baron Corvo is certainly one of the most fascinating of those various literary curiosities of England between the Victorian and the Georgian periods.

To these resurrected stories Mr. Shane Leslie has written an interesting introduction on the life of Baron Corvo. Mr. Leslie reminds us of the proverb that "an Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate.'" And yet Frederick Rolfe was no devil, save that poorest of devils—the starving writer turned circus rider to keep himself alive. He was, if you will, the incarnation of the Yellow Book, with his literary perversities and his opera bouffe antics. From the close perspective of even this near day his diverse tricks are as faded and as tame as his counterfeit and tortured words. Only the major part of him remains, Frederick Rolfe the writer of impish and delightful stories, stories that reveal not a sinister figure but a whimsical and ironic raconteur. Of *In His Own Image,* which is a collection of thirty-two of these stories, we need hardly say more than what James Douglas said of six of them when they appeared in the *Bodley Booklets*: "The most amazing, fantastical, whimsical, bizarre, erratic, and harebrained of books."

THE LIVES AND WORKS OF THE UNEDUCATED POETS. By *Robert Southey.* Edited by *J. S. Childers.* New York: Oxford University Press. $1.20.

CERTAIN SELECT DIALOGUES OF LUCIAN. Translated from the Greek into English by *Francis Hickes.* London: Guy Chapman, 8 Buckingham Street, The Adelphi, London.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *H. A. Taine.* A. & C. Boni. 4 vols. $5.

Drama

OLD KING COLE AND OTHER MEDIAEVAL PLAYS. By *Josephine Elliott Krolin.* New York: George H. Doran C. $1.50.

PLAYS OF THE 47 WORKSHOP. Fourth Series. New York: Brentano's. $1.25.

MAKERS OF LIGHT. By *Frederic Lansing Day.* Brentano's $1.50.

Economics

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP. By CARL D. THOMPSON. Crowell. 1925. $3 net.

Although the author asserts in the introduction that it is not his purpose to propound or defend any theory with reference to public ownership, his book is essentially a brief for the socialization of all public utilities, including railroads and coal mines. It is not the impartial survey of facts which both the author and the publisher promised. The book contains occasional misstatements of fact and in some instances omits information which would controvert the author's deductions from half-truths. Nevertheless it is an interesting book, written in entertaining style, and it forms a notable addition to earlier books by the advocates of an extension of public ownership.

The first two chapters describe the activities of the government,—federal, state and municipal,—in such fields as the postal service, highways, schools, libraries, reclamation service, forests, parks, and the various departments centrally administered in Washington. Other chapters deal with nationalization of the railroads and mines, state enterprises such as grain elevators, and municipal ownership of water works, power and lighting plants, and street railways. The experience of other countries is frequently drawn upon, particularly in the discussion of municipal ownership.

As might be expected, Mr. Thompson regards the Plumb Plan for democratic control of railroads as a promising solution of the railroad problem. He enlarges upon its possibilities for good but is silent on its defects. In his references to the results of federal control of railroads during the war he misrepresents the net result inasmuch as he shows only the alleged economies and fails to comment upon the net deficit for twenty-six months of federal control and the six months of guarantee period. Using the phrase of Director General Davis in his recent report to President Coolidge, this "Great Adventure" added about one and two-thirds billions of dollars to the burden of taxation. Mr. Thompson fails to mention that fact although he points out that certain unifications during 1919 brought about economies which were estimated as 117 millions.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMIC GEOGRAPHY. Vol. I. By *Wellington D. Jones* and *Derwent S. Whittlesey.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $5.

THE BRITISH LABOR MOVEMENT. By *R. H. Tawney.* Yale University Press. $2.

PEACE AND GOODWILL IN INDUSTRY. By *Stanley Baldwin.* Dial Press. 75 cents.

Fiction

INNER CIRCLE. By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. Harcourt, Brace. 1925. $2.

After being closeted with the moods and subtle explications of mind and character which make up these stories of Ethel Colburn Mayne, one comes out of her world a little doubtful of its complete reality. One feels that instead of passing inward through successive circles, moving from the outside where people breathe and talk and eat to the inner point where they stand revealed, one has been plumped down immediately among their nerves and brains. And it is difficult to imagine oneself among real people without being introduced to them conventionally and physically before being taken into their confidence.

It is true that these stories aim at being inner revelations; and so far as their art goes, they reveal great skill and relentless fidelity. It is because they are so exquisitely kindled into being that they burn up at times in the author's hands. The blaze of their drama is excluded; we must imagine it, and be satisfied with the cerebral and temperamental small-fires which are presented directly. And finesse such as this obstructs the path of the drama: the method makes the matter on the one hand obscure, on the other insufficient.

Take the first story in the book, "The Latchkey." It shows a woman moved by kindness to offer her home, when his wife dies as a place for quiet rest to the man across the street. The man coldly refuses; and only then does the woman, hurt, understand through self-contemplation why: she is sexually attractive to men, and accordingly her motive has been misconstrued. To Frederica Lane, perhaps, this revelation came circuitously from dark layers of subconsciousness; but when, no great story to begin with, it is circuitously revealed to us, it loses much of its effectiveness. Similarly "The Shirt of Nessus," "Black Magic," "Still Life" and "White Hair" attenuate, by this penetrating but precious method, their substance. And it detracts something from "The Picnic," also—a finely-conceived account of a little girl who gets lost for a few minutes at a picnic. Her psychology, and the ironic pathos of how much it means to her, how little (through lack of perception) to the grown-ups who were not with her, are conveyed to perfection. But to be a little carping, Mrs. Mayne has, for her analysis, traded the drama which also belongs in the story.

The appeal is most direct in "Campaign," a picture of a household upset by the regime established in it by illness. The sick man's sister is brought into contact with the sickroom, the nurses, the doctors: each one, from his position of responsibility, defends himself or starts an offensive; the whole assumes the nature of a campaign. Here method and matter harmonize; here is place to analyze a small topsy-turvydom of battered nerves, unnatural moods, explosions after the repression of the sickroom. One recognizes it all; it all rings true.

What is chiefly disappointing in stories that show so much art and understanding and concern for true values, is the meagreness of their effects. A fine equipment is used up on analyses that are poor in significance. And they fail to have significance because to analyze people is not enough: people must first be put together with large vivid strokes, be made recog-

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

nizable, before they can be taken minutely apart and still retain their breath. From all operations but the last Mrs. Mayne excuses herself. Her dramas have already been played out, her characters been reduced to a mass of nerves and introspections. Thus, for all their unquestionable mastery of a particular technique, their subtle irony, their assured penetration, her stories are only dissections. They pant for lifeblood; they are wanting in magnitude.

THE SPRING FLIGHT. By LEE J. SMITS. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

"Spring Flight" is a good first novel. It would have been excellent if Mr. Smits had been able to discipline his material, and work it into a thoroughly effective pattern. As the story now stands it is overburdened with incidents and characters which are partially unified by their contact with Kenneth Farr, the protagonist. Many of them contribute little to the orderly progress of the plot, and seem extraneous.

Mr. Smits takes Kenneth Farr from the age of twelve through his late twenties, chronicling the boy's endless conflicts and questionings and adventures; most of these problems deal with sex (Kenneth suffered outrageously in his blind search for happiness in love), many with his struggle for self-knowledge, the balance with rebellion against the early influence of a conscientiously Presbyterian mother. The boy is drawn with considerable skill, even though the reader seems never to get actually inside him. His long-suffering father, his mother, and several in his procession of loves, are sharply characterized.

Through it all the Middle West during the first decade of the twentieth century is a background of persuasive power. This is a novel of youth, distinctly American youth, in its struggle through mental and spiritual chaos to some acceptable equilibrium. "The Spring Flight" has much to recommend it, for it will be found entertaining and provocative.

SIMON THE COLDHEART. By GEORGETTE HEYER. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

There is a touch in this a bit out of the common for the swashbuckling, costume-piece romance in a quasi-historical setting, in that the excessively valiant hero is never really in any difficulty: he is always the insuperable conqueror, from his first appearance as a boy of fourteen to the final "lived happily ever after" when he has tamed the haughty lady. He is, in fact, more than mere hero: a sort of demi-god of knightly efficiency. There is even a certain resemblance in him to the errant knight hero of the verbose romances of his own century and the first half of the book roams along somewhat in the manner of a fifteenth century prose romance, lacking only the dragons and marvels. The later portion of the story reverts, however, to the ways of the modern swashbuckler, with some good fighting, including the siege and capture of a French town and the rescue of the lady from the hands of "Raoul the Terrible." It dates from 1404 onward, with a passing reference to Agincourt, but it might quite as well have been dated anywhere in romance land. In spite of the occasional annoyance of attempted archaic diction the writer's manner is good and his story interesting.

THE WINDLESTRAW. By JAMES MILLS WHITHAM. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.50.

"The old stalk of certain kinds of grass"—thus the dictionary of "windlestraw." The definition of the unfamiliar word suggests November hillsides, bleak, windswept, the fresh blades of summer gone, the sallow remnants of pasturage shivering alone, sole link between past and future for the grass of the field. The title chosen by Mr. Whitham for his story of the Devon countryside which his English readers through him know well, and which his American readers will soon, also through him, begin to know, is thought-provoking; and, after thought, affords a clue to the theme of the book. Ranley Hibbertson, wandering from nowhere into the haven of a village bake-shop, fading again into nowhere from his refuge in a room over a cottage kitchen, travels a devious course between the two terminals which are one. Reared in an atmosphere of devout and unlettered Methodism, he is dedicated by legacy of the country doctor who saved his life to the career of the ministry. The path that leads him into the great world of Cambridge and London, diverging far from the primitive background of his early years, comes round in a circle to end where it began.

Casual judgment divides his experience into three phases; deeper philosophy must see it as one. The stalk bears a head of feathery grass; frost-touched, the grass withers, but the stalk survives, the storehouse of vitality. Ranley's days were as grass—his days of brilliant scholarship, of fellowship in the writers' craft, of married happiness and unhappiness, of fashionable superficiality. An ephemeral phase; the wind passed over it and it was gone. The primitive realities of country simplicity remained.

Because this rich life of the soil gives flavor to the book, Mr. Whitham's work suggests Mr. Hardy's. This Devon is as real as that Wessex. "What Jude would have been without Sue," is the irresistible comparison inspired by Ranley Hibbertson. The realization of the grimness and tragedy that belong to the narrow round of the peasant is here even less than in Hardy relieved by humor of mood and grace of contour. This is rugged truth; these people are crude, vulgar, ignorant. Their life is material, not philosophical, as the romanticist of the rustic would have us believe. They live by and for the soil. But their sordidness and Lauretta's perversity are alike remote; they are perhaps too nakedly true to be convincing. They are tragic; but their tragedy does not grip and wound and sear. With Ranley alone do we find a point of contact that makes pity poignant.

In atmosphere, in realistic power of portrayal, in sincerity, in conception of tragic nobility and grandeur, Mr. Whitham is an artist. Accustomedness may some time make us feel that his extraordinary looseness of prose structure is a defect forgivable for the sake of many merits; as yet we can but lament it. Meantime, we carry a memory of the courageous windlestraw, whose tough nobility of fibre withstands the blast that has scattered far the fair promise of blossoming days.

DOMINIE'S HOPE. By AMY MCLAREN. Putnam. 1924. $2.

"For those who desire a rest from the hectic, introspective, sex-ridden literature of the day (sic blurbant Putnam) there is nothing better than this charming story."

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It is a sweetish story, and the word "sex" appears only once. "The fair sex" is mentioned. But our grandmothers winked at this obscenity, and it is for our grandmothers that this book is written. They should be warned, however, that Barbara blushes constantly.

Miss McLaren has tried honestly to write a clean story, and should be commended for her courage. But her writing lacks style, and most American readers will gag upon page after page of nearly unintelligible Scotch dialect. "Gin it's as grand a cake as the last ane we were gi'en, it'll hae a' the cockyloories in creation intill't."

(*Continued on next page*)

Speaking of Books

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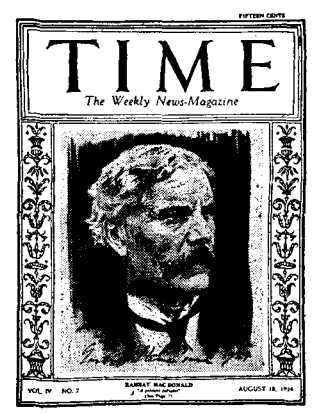

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

LAZARUS. By HENRI BÉRAUD. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. Macmillan. 1925. $2.

This is the story of a strange case of amnesia which subsequently developed into one of double personality. The data are presumably scientifically accurate, and the victim's strange mental meanderings are described with some elaborateness; yet the story itself is not at all fascinating. At most it unpleasantly prods the reader's curiosity, but at no time does its strangeness make the book the "powerful romance" claimed by the blurb. The story is briefly as follows: Jean Mourin, a young musician, seriously injured in a motor accident in which his wife is killed, regains consciousness to find himself completely bereft of memory of the past. It is a pure case of amnesia. For sixteen years Jean is kept in an asylum. There he develops a new personality. Renamed Gervais, he learns tailoring and leads a life wholly different from the one he lived prior to the accident. One day he wakes as his first self, and is shocked to learn that sixteen years had elapsed since he was last his normal self. After a few days he leaves the hospital and returns to his home in a suburb near Paris. He finds himself completely alone; the few friends of his former life have either died or disappeared. He gows morose and melancholy in longing for his dead wife and lost years. Gradually he finds himself haunted by Gervais, who soon appears in the flesh and comes upon Jean in the most unexpected places. In time the situation becomes so tense that one night Jean kills the feared and hated intruder and escapes on a tramp steamer. On the last page the reader is told that all that happened to Jean after he temporarily regained consciousness of his first self happened only in his distorted imagination and during a short period of time.

The story is *tour de force*. Its irrationality becomes evident before the narrative is far advanced, and the chief interest of the book thereafter is centered not in the phenomenon of double personality but in the manner in which the author will explain this apparent anomaly; for while a human being may have more than one personality he cannot physically have more than one body. In consequence the genuine interest in a good deal of the description becomes scattered and dissipated.

THE MANDARIN'S BELL. By EDWARD NODLE. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.

Here are three stories of the sea and the China coast. "The Mandarin's Bell," "The Sands of Ma-Tong," and "The Yellow Angel" are not great as we have learned to fathom greatness by the sounding line of Joseph Conrad. Yet they are splendid yarns, and something more. Mr. Noble has caught the knack of building with deft, swift, but apparently casual strokes to a smashing climax. Moreover, we do not need the publisher's word that he has had twenty-odd years of the sea behind him. He writes, not as a gentleman lubber, but with the authority of a Brother of the Coast.

CARD CASTLE. By ALEC WAUGH. A. & C. Boni. 1925. $2.

We have seldom met a more subtly detestable figure of fiction than Roland Whately, the principal of Mr. Waugh's present novel. Whately is elaborately, if ironically, conceived, set solidly and vividly before us as the composite type of the modern sensual, egoistic materialist. Of his kind he is the perfect specimen. In business the shallow, mendacious, inflated winner of petty success, he lords it over a crew of trembling clerks and sacred, age-blighted survivors of a bygone day. He is but thirty, and in the course of his ten years' connection with the same manufacturing firm he has managed, by a minute study of all its branches, to make himself the controlling power of its activities.

His work, which is directing the bulk production and sale of varnish, he regards seriously as a creative achievement, as loftily superior to the "routine" labors of the feeble drudges whom he discharges, promotes, or pensions at will. Even the actual owners of the firm, genteel and meek old men, are afraid of him. He is the sort of maddening creature who always enters the presence of others with an air of: "Now I'm here let everybody keep still!" We all know him well, in his commercial aspect, and in his equally offensive attitude toward the source of his earthy pleasures, the physical world, which supplies him with the forms of enjoyment his sensibilities are capable of appreciating. Mr. Waugh builds his protagonist's castle of crude illusions upon these dominant elements of Whately's narrow domain—his business career, his bodily appetites, his relationship to his wife, his small children, his mistress, and to those people who touch but casually the surface of his senses.

When the story opens Whately, after several years of unexciting and monotonous married life, is vaguely restless, discontented, depressed. He feels that he has missed his full share of sinful joy and so, after preliminary tampering with the forbidden, he wins a worthy companion with whom to explore the primrose path. She is the young wife of his uncle by marriage, emotionally starved, passionate, simple game for the illicit affair into which Whately leads her. They meet frequently in the "private rooms," reserved for patrons of their kind, connected with the public premises of shady restaurants. Whately's sexual entanglement gradually involves him in financial difficulties, accompanied by neglect of his work and domestic obligations, to such an extent that we are glad to note in him the beginnings of worry. Such a quality as moral conscience has nothing to do with it, for he hasn't one. His anxiety is merely to get out of debt and retain sufficient money to pursue uninterrupted the pleasures of secret lechery.

The inevitable "come uppence" of this complacent cad, who passes for a gentleman, looms on the remote horizon, drawing laboriously nearer. Its arrival is so long deferred, so needlessly retarded, so complicated by false alarms, that we grew justifiably impatient. And when it finally comes, the punishment is utterly inadequate, superficial, a light nudge that has no more power of affliction than a slap on the wrist. Whately voluntarily resigns his job, with a gesture as condescending, self-assured, and masterful as ever, to accept another which is waiting for him at an increase of 1,000 pounds yearly. His clandestine love affair remains undiscovered, but the two part by common consent and with mutual respect. And there will soon be plenty of money to meet the accumulated debts. Whately goes serenely home and pats his lovable, adoring, and trustful little wife benignly on the head. She is grateful and glad. We have never known a conclusion which left us so thoroughly sour.

IN ZANZIBAR. By *Ralph D. Paine*. Houghton, Mifflin. $2.

HELEN. By *Edward Lucas White*. George H. Doran. $2.50.

THE CHECKERED FLAG. By *John Mersereau*. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

THE VALLEY OF STRIFE. By *Marshall R. Hall*. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

THE PEASANTS. VOL. IV. SUMMER. By *Ladislas Reymont*. Knopf. $2.50.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE. By *Irvin S. Cobb*. Doran & Co. $2.

OH, MR. LEACOCK! By *C. K. Allen*. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.00.

THE OLD WOMAN OF THE MOVIES AND OTHER STORIES. By *Vincente Blasco Ibañez*. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

A SON OF THE CINCINNATI. By *Montague Brisard*. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2.

THE DOOR TO THE MOOR. By *Millie Bird Vandeburg*. Phila.: Dorrance & Co. $2.

WOLF. By *Albert Payson Terbune*. New York: Geo. H. Doran & Co. $2.

THE BEST LOVE STORIES OF 1924. Edited by *Muriel Miller Humphrey*. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

Miscellaneous

BOXWOOD GARDENS. OLD AND NEW. By ALBERT ADDINGTON LEWIS. Richmond, Va.: The William Byrd Press. 1924.

Not until today has there been a book upon boxwood, the bush, the tree, its use in the past and in the present: and this volume of Mr. Lewis's will be essential to the shelves of everyone in the country whose interest lies in gardening as an art or who studies the history of gardening.

An engaging introduction by Mrs. Edith Tunis Sale strikes the note for the reader and a short practical chapter "Rules Old and New for the care of Boxwood" ends the book. Chapters on the use of boxwood in the gardens of Spain, Italy, France, and England add great interest prefaced as they are by discussions of this plant-subject in the southern gardens of America. Nearly one hundred illustrations set forth the appearance of the box in old and modern gardens. The general discussion of the subject begins with Mt. Vernon and the contrast is dramatic between the reproduction of an old print of Washington's delicious country-seat on one page and of its photograph from an airplane on the next. Who that has seen them can forget the marvels of the old boxwood at Hickory Hill, the beauties of the boxwood at Tuckahoe, of the long walk at Gunston Hall? What an air of brilliance too do garden flowers take on when the dark boxwood is their foil.

The book is of great interest, value, and charm. It deserves, however, a better format than it has. As a work on architecture should be presented on the most attractive of papers, in the finest of types, so an account of this rich occupant of our gardens should have had a finer printing, a better binding than are here. There might have been too within its covers, since illustrations are given of the moving of great box bushes and trees, the formula for fighting enemies of the box, lately arisen. But these are counsels of perfection. Let us be grateful for this addition to the literature of gardening. It will fan the flame of desire for boxwood gardens. And incidentally, why do not more women of intelligence in the South start nurseries of boxwood from cuttings, to supply the immense demand which anyone can foresee who watches the present development of garden, and the great revival of garden interest there today?

THE LITTLE GARDEN FOR LITTLE MONEY. By KATE L. BREWSTER. Atlantic Monthly Press. 1922. $1.75.

This charming volume is a "first aid" in garden books, full of practical suggestions to the beginner, and yet a beautiful thing in itself. Mrs. Brewster is a woman with

(*Continued on next page*)

At Last!

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

a goodly estate of her own, but who writes as if she owned in square feet, not in acres, and this because she has gone through every step of the way in the practical work of gardening and can speak from an experience sustained and minute. Those who read her pages will learn quickly how to plan and organize their gardens at very reasonable expense, and how to carry them on successfully and beautifully.

One feature of especial interest is the collection of photographs which illustrate the volume. They, like the diagrams which aid visualization, enable the aspirant to see ahead of time so to speak what the result of correctly carried out efforts will be.

In the eleven chapters such matters as these are treated: Getting ready to garden, the garden wall, the garden plan, special gardens, rock gardens, spring gardens, wild gardens, plant material, roses, irises, and peonies, what to grow from seeds and how to grow it, necessary gardening details, plants for the little garden, plant combinations and color schemes.

THE CULTURE OF PERENNIALS. By DOROTHY M. P. CLOUD. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.50.

To select the merits which distinguish one common or garden variety of book from another is not easy. It is praiseworthy to choose a definite field and to cover that thoroughly and informingly. The present volume does this: further, the author has selected a most attractive topic, for the perennial garden holds rare charms. Another point of merit is to bear in mind that whoever writes a garden book must be a true teacher, and have an insight into the perplexities which beset a pupil's mind in the multifarious experiences of gardening. The volume is satisfactory in this respect. There is much information on the culture of many varieties plainly and simply given. The writing, however, is somewhat matter of fact. Perhaps it is too much to ask that a writer be inspired while chronicling the wars of the bugs and the roses, but a garden should prove to be some inspiration to provide pleasurable reading.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Points of View

Biography and Theology

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Reading the review of More's "The Dogma of Evolution" by Dr. Sperry, the able professor of Sacred Rhetoric in the Harvard Theological School, I am moved to remark that book reviewing is indeed a strange and devious art, as your editorials have so often pointed out. If anyone still has faith in current criticism as a guide to merit in books, he will do well to compare the Rev. Mr. Sperry's appreciation of More with mine, lately published in the *Herald-Tribune Books*. The knowledge, beliefs, and prejudices of the reviewer must inevitably color his criticism, clearly enough, and this surely makes for reviewing which is alive and entertaining; but something more, something relatively fixed, a substratum of impersonal reporting on matters of fact might well be demanded of the reviewer.

In the comparison, which I have ventured to suggest to the curious reader, there will appear a *minute bite of agreement*—just a vague wraith of the common factual basis which might be looked for in all competent reviews of the same book. The main divisions of Dr. More's treatment are similarly stated, an identical quotation made—beyond this all is divergence, as wide as the divergence between biology and theology.

But this is not enough. Professor More's book is essentially biological; in it the author presumes to criticize evolutionary theory and its application to human life upon biological grounds; and he does this in apparent ignorance of the biology of the last twenty-five years. Is it too much to expect a reviewer to note this fact? Even a theologian can, by honest study, gain some insight into the results of modern scientific research (as Archbishop D'Arcy shows in his "Science and Creation"), and even a biologist can try to weigh the effect of religious bias in a scientific book (as I endeavored to do in the review already mentioned).

Dr. Sperry tells us that More concedes Darwin to have been "the foremost biologist of all times"; but he fails to say that More devotes tremendous efforts to belittling Darwin's ability and even honesty in certain matters of controversy and in philosophical thinking (page 190 ff). Reading More, one gains the impression that Darwin did well with botany and the experimental study of earthworms, that Huxley was obscure, inconsistent, and Jesuitical (page 256 ff.), that the doctrine of natural selection is losing ground (page 214 ff.), that the modern theory of mutation and the principles of endocrine function, to say nothing of present day genetics in general, can be neglected as supports to Darwinism. To take one more instance, Dr. More presents a grotesque parody of the modern cell theory (page 282 ff.). On all this Professor Sperry is silent.

Professor More says he accepts the principle of evolution, but he rejects the evidence and deplores the social implications. This peculiar attitude seems to be assumed because "the philosophical conclusion of Darwin's hypothesis of natural selection is a mechanistic monism" (page 225), and the result of biological teaching is that the young think "that they can base their conduct on the sure foundations of science rather than on the deep wisdom of Plato or Jesus." (page 276). The book is full of such indications that the author's underlying motive is an emotional fear that biological science is in reality an enemy of institutional religion, intent on replacing the present traditional morality with a realistic, objective ethics.

Dean Sperry, I think, is not a Fundamentalist. Does he realize that Professor More's book is a contribution to the cause of Bryan and the Fundamentalists, essentially allied with the current manifestations of reaction and intolerance? Recent attempts to suppress freedom of thought, teaching, and learning in some of the southern States may have seemed ludicrous; but the mania is apparently spreading, and all liberal theologians, as well as all materialistic biologists, may before long find themselves confronted by a New Inquisition, no less murderous and perhaps far more powerful than the old.

H. M. PARSHLEY.

Smith College.

On Professor More

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*.

SIR:

I am writing with reference to an article in your issue of May 16 entitled "The Ultimate Mystery," a review by Professor Sperry of a book entitled "The Dogma of Evolution," by Professor More. I have not seen the book and I know it only from the review. If it is correctly described it would seem to be a modern equivalent for books which in my youth issued from the same general region, geographical and spiritual. If so, it will doubtless share their fate.

My especial interest is in the last paragraph of the article, where the reviewer quotes the following sentence from the book:

Weissman cut off the tails of many mice for many generations, and when each new generation persisted in having tails, he cast Lamarck's theory aside, ignoring absolutely the simple fact that mutilation inflicted on an animal can hardly be called a habit acquired by the animal.

(*Concluded on page 815*)

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

MY HEART IN THE HILLS. By CHARLES HANSEN. Dorrance. 1925. $2.

While without worth as literature, or as a guide to that part of Colorado in which "Me and Ray" camped, the reader, if very gentle, may be amused by the occasional camp-fire quips, or edified by being tuned in with the infinite as Mr. Hansen sees it. The "Auto-suggestions" and fly-fishing advice, however, would prove of value to persons touring the Rockies; and there is evidence on every page that "Me" is a better man than writer.

Pamphlets

PURPOSE THE VARIANT OF THEORY. By *Julius Temple House*. University of Chicago Press.

THE HELIAND MANUSCRIPT. By *B. Priebsch*. Oxford University Press. $1.70.

THE PHILADELPHIA AND COLUMBIA RAILROAD OF 1834. By *John C. Trautwine*. Philadelphia: City Historical Society.

Philosophy

THE WORLD AND ITS MEANING; AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. By GEORGE T. W. PATRICK. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. $3.50.

This is the same book, except for a revised preface, which was issued under its subtitle a few months ago. Introductions to philosophy have flooded the market during this last year. Most of them are distinctly of the textbook flavor, and some of them are not at all for the ordinary reader or the beginner. Our author has come nearest to writing such a volume with a minimum of textbook construction about it, though it is full of information, and is a book that will appeal alike to student and layman. It is readable. In fact, it is just the thing for the average educated person who seriously wants to learn a little about what philosophy stands for at the present day. Then there are good bibliographies to each chapter, suggestive for further reading, though like most such bibliographies these are not annotated enough to be the best help to a beginner.

The order of presentation is largely that of the usual textbook: nature of philosophy, scientific facts of which philosophy must take account, excursions into historically important world theories, culminating in a discussion of "the higher values of life." But a glance at almost any chapter will reveal that the style of presentation is not cut and dried or technical, but has about it an interesting unexpectedness and variety, and at times even originality. Such troublesome people as Kant and Hegel it is perhaps too much to expect to find treated in a way that will make the beginner feel their plausibility and significance, but in the almost equally difficult task of explaining the paradoxical Berkeley our author has achieved quite a success. The details on one writer, however, are less important in such a book, and the author has certainly thrown his nets wide and made many a fair catch. It is a good book, though perhaps not a great one.

THE PASSING OF THE PHANTOMS. By *C. J. Patten*. Dutton. $1.

THE MEANING OF DREAMS. By *Robert Graves*. Greenberg. $2.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF IDEAS. Edited by the Department of Philosophy of Columbia University. Vol. II. Columbia University Press.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

ST. MAWR. By *D. H. Lawrence* (Knopf).

EARTH MOODS. By *Hervey Allen* (Harpers).

THE MAN CHRIST JESUS. By *W. J. Dawson* (Century).

H. A., Baltimore, Md., names several books that he is sure should have been on the recent list of novels and other works on Jewish life and ideals, but as this inquirer specified that the books should be of late publication "Children of the Ghetto," for instance, could not be included.

BUT three books have been published since that list appeared that must be brought to the attention of anyone interested in this subject . "The Matriarch," by G. B. Stern (Knopf), is he gayest of family chronicles: the rest of them—"The Forsyte Saga," "Buddenbrooks," "God's Stepchildren"—how surcharged with woe they besides this piroutte through three generations! This is due partly to the temperament of the lady who manages this vast and varied Jewish clan. "God of Might," by Elias Tobenkin (Milton, Balch), brings a youth from Russia to America, frees him from religious persecution and economic pressure, gives him good neighbors and a devoted Gentile wife —and leaves him at the door of the synagogue, a despairing man. The beauty of the book is in its noble hatelessness. As for Rebekah Kohut's "My Portion" (Seltzer), I began to read it standing by my desk. Deciding I might as well sit down I looked at the page I had reached and found it was 151. Mrs. Kohut is used to literary expression, but there is about this book a breathless naivete. This is its charm and its warm human juiciness in all experiences —pride of race or clan, romance of being a stepmother to eight children, ecstasy of grief, satisfaction in business success—she lives them for all there is in them. Curiously it keeps you remembering "The Matriarch," different as it is. And I am reminded by this life that the recent list did not mention "David Lubin," by Smilia Agresti (Little, Brown), one of the most inspiring biographies of this century.

V. N., Oak Lane, Pa., asks for novels and plays in which labor forms the theme: "as high-brow as Galsworthy's plays and or as low-brow as 'The Gibson Upright,' and in novels anything from 'Pelle the Conqueror' to "The Cinder Buggy.'"

THIS will be but a nucleus of such a list, beginning no further back than Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton" (Everyman's). Amelia Barr's "The Paper Cap" (Appleton) was published but a few years ago but the scene is in the England of the thirties and the first power-looms. Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke" and "Yeast" hold their own with new books on lists of labor novels. One of the first of these to come from America was John Hay's "The Breadwinners," which dealt with an ironworkers' strike. "The Monster," by Horace Bleackley (Doran) begins three generations back; and the monster is the factory with which all three are concerned. "The House of Conrad," by Elias Tobenkin (Stokes) also introduces three generations, the first a German follower of Dassalle who comes to America. This and his other labor novel, "The Road" (Harcourt), involving a famous factory fire, are out of print. "The New Carthage," by Georges Eeckhoud (Duffield), is a Belgian labor novel of sinister strength. Pierre Hamp's "People" (Harcourt) presents French workmen, but none of the foreign novels we have in translation can touch the peerless "Belle the Conqueror" (Holt), long known as "the prose epic of labor." Nexo's other series of novels, "Ditte" (Holt), gives the woman's side of the question.

Abraham Cahan's "Rise of David Levinsky" (Harper) is doing famous, and so is Sholm Asch's "Uncle Moses" (Dutton), whose central figure is a sweat-shop boss. Upton Sinclair's "King Coal" and "The Jungle" are now published by the author at Pasadena, Cal. Ernest Poole's "The Harbor" (Macmillan) called for the regeneration of society; in the last chapters of her "Portion of Labor" (Harper), after making a living picture of a Massachusetts strike, Mary E. Wilkins wound up with a sort of choral finale of good-will.

Hopkinson Smith's "Tom Grogan" (Houghton, Mifflin) has a strike, Shaw Desmond's "Democracy" (Scribner) considers political aspects, Sherwood Anderson's early contribution to this list, "Marching Men," has been put back into print by Huebsch. Besides "The Cinder Buggy" Garet Garrett has "Satan's Bushel" and "The Driver" (Dutton) both concerned indirectly with labor problems.

Bjornson's play "The New System" gets after the vested interests; but his most thorough-going treatment of labor problems is in the Second Part of "Beyond Human Power." Through its performance by a group of uplifters, mainly gentle and devoted Anarchists, I sat some twenty years since, thus proving there was no truth in the gibe than current that the title should have been "Beyond Human Endurance."

Shaw could figure largely on this list, but "Major Barbara" and "Widowers' Houses" (Brentano) would have the largest percentage of labor situations. Brieux's "Les Bienfaiteurs" and "Les Americains chez Nous" belong; the last-named shows transatlantic efficiency-systems in collision with French caution. Brieux's "Woman on Her Own" (Brentano) shows a woman in collision with the determination of society that she shall not earn her living save as it thinks she should: some of the things happen by the will of society and some by the will of Brieux. George Moore's "The Strike at Arlingford," Hjalmar Bergström's "Lynggaard and Co.," Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape (Boni & Liveright), the immensely successful "R. U. R." of Karel Capek (Doubleday, Page), and the less fortunate "Insect Comedy" of the Capek brothers, Galsworthy's classic "Strife" (Scribner)—how they count up! But none of them have quite the bite of Gerhardt Hauptmann's "The Weavers" (Huebsch): even Ernst Toller's "The Machine Wreckers" (Knopf) which is astonishingly like it. One might even include Granville Barker's "The Madras House" (Little, Brown), for though it does not confine its activities to a dry-goods establishment, its labor troubles and problems are a part of its plan.

In making even so sketchy a list as this two things strike the eye: how many novels have been written around strikes and labor problems and how soon most of them go out of print. Almost all of these are in print, however.

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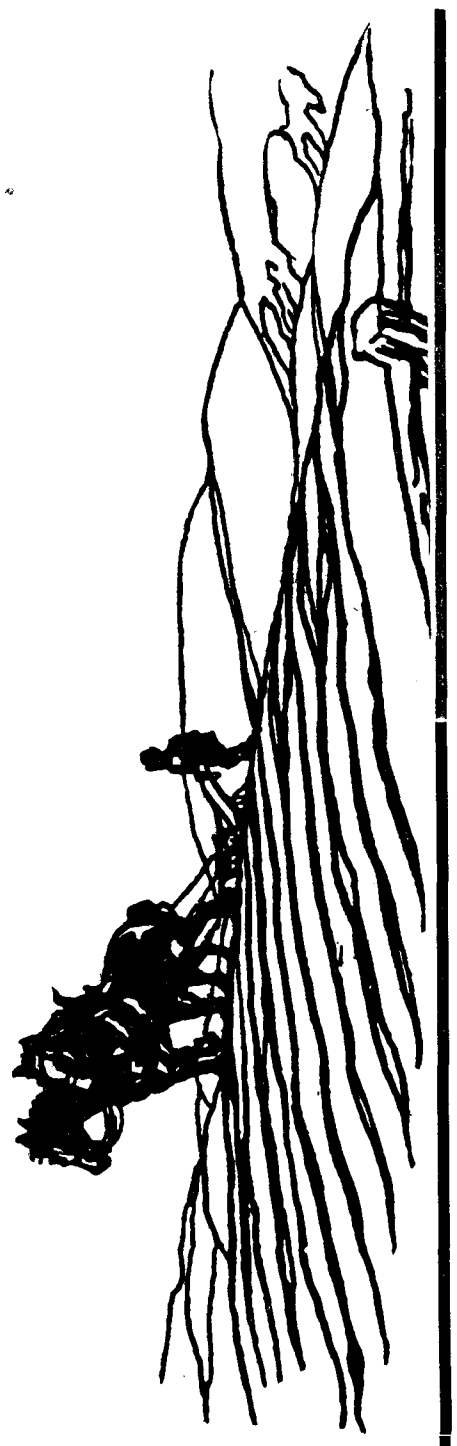

Breaking new soil.....

On the prairies, when broad plowshares run through virgin soil they call it "breaking ground." In the South, though, where fields are covered by a thick growth of shrub and trees they must "clear new ground" before they break it.

Ellen Glasgow, in her new novel *Barren Ground*, has cleared the new field of Southern literature beyond its traditional, romantic fancy and broken new soil, by writing the first great, realistic novel of the South. Dr. Stuart P. Sherman says, "By all means read *Barren Ground* if you are interested in American fiction, in American life," and Dr. Joseph Collins adds, "She has written an epic that compares with Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*."

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The Phoenix Nest

THIS week sees another phase of this peculiar department. Anyone who ever reads it will remember that it started as a column of paragraphs about current books and authors and gradually grew grandiosely into a section devoted to some fantastic essay (if that is not too dignified a title) or to rapid comment upon a single book of the week. * * * Today it returns to approximately its first form, a series of asterisked paragraphs. On an inside page the column headed "Cursive and Discursive" will henceforth groan beneath the weight of whatever is signed "*W. R. B.*" *This* department will be conducted by *The Phoenician.* * * * There is a rumor that *W. R. B.* and *The Phoenician* are old boyhood friends. At any rate each will endeavor creditably to serve in the former domain of the other. * * * Just as we were beginning Cyril Hume's "Cruel Fellowship," we were shocked to learn of the death, in Florence, Italy, of the author's wife. We extend Mr. Hume our sincerest sympathy. * * * Thus far we have found "Cruel Fellowship" an extremely interesting novel. Mr. Hume has adopted the device of having a brilliant friend tell the narrator the true story of a third man to whom, on a first meeting, the narrator has taken a distinct dislike. But the vividness of Mr. Hume's story-telling prevents this device from more than occasionally clogging the narrative. * * * The narration takes from mid-afternoon until almost three the next morning. All this time the brilliant friend, one South, is telling the story that Hume the novelist, in turn, moulds into brilliant fiction. If the device suggests Conrad, on the other hand the material of the story and its presentation are, naturally, entirely dissimilar from Conradian material so presented. * * * The chief characteristics of Mr. Hume's writing are youthful gusto and colour. And there is a suggestion of force in reserve, as well as of powerful achievement. * * * As yet Cyril Hume is apt to spread his palette a trifle too lavishly for more eclectic tastes, and often we found ourselves wishing that South and his friend would not butt in with their comments in the midst of the story of Claude. But the whole affair is well stage-managed, and its reality is often almost oppressive. * * * Finally, it is intensely readable; and the first essential in any kind of writing is that it should interest. * * * A volume of short stories by *Vicente Blasco Ibanez*, entitled "The Old Woman of the Movies," has reached our desk. These stories appeared originally in nine separate American magazines and newspapers, being translated by four different translators. They are introduced by one of the latter, *Arthur Livingston,* who exclaims, in the course of his remarks,

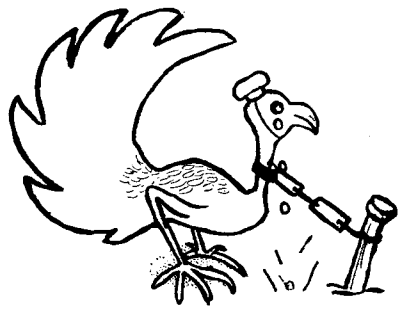
> Blasco Ibanez has a formula—of course he has! The formula may, indeed, be simply stated. It consists in appending landscape, color, atmosphere, background—watever one may choose to call it—to the points, or angles, of a psychological, or dramatic, or sentimental "situation."

* * * But that particular figure gives one a very odd idea of Ibanez's method! * * * But then Mr. Livingston, later on, speaks of Ibanez as a "magnate of literature,"—and to that we agree. * * * *M. R. Werner's* "Brigham Young" is now out, at five dollars. It seems to us to be an exhaustive volume. His first biography, "Barnum," we greatly enjoyed. Mr. Werner remarks in his final chapter that the visitors who called on *Brigham Young* toward the end always liked him. He was then

> about five feet ten inches in height, broad and thick-set, giving the impression of stolidity and vigor. His head was large and covered with soft auburn hair, which reached to the ear lobes in a half curl. His eyes were a cold gray, and they gazed at a stranger with a calm, but reserved, almost suspicious expression.

Sir Richard Burton thought that the Prophet-President resembled a gentleman farmer of New England. His unpretentiousness impressed Burton favorably, as did his powerful appearance. * * * *Herbert S. Gorman,* the poet and critic, sent us recently a touchingly ilustrated verse, "The Wail of the Phoenix." * * * One of our avocations is to help choose the poetry that appears weekly on the front page of THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE. Readers will remember Mr. Gorman's admirable poem of last week, "The Feathery Phoenix." We had chosen it for that issue before we received the following, but when we *did* receive the following we decided to use *it* also, merely taking the liberty of adding, in the accompanying drawing, a few feathers to the otherwise totally bald bird of Mr. Gorman's fancy. * * * The bird is supposed to be sobbing:

For seven solid months I've been
In The Phoenician's poetry pen,
Awaiting that ambrosial day
When I might rise and fly away.
My wings have withered in this jail
And grey hairs streak my sagging tail,
As loud I cry through globous tears,
"I've served my century of years.
"O print me quick before Time plucks
"My frame, for Gorman needs ten bucks!"



* * * But, as a pendant, we may say that we have made solemn resolve never to keep so good a poem down so long again, unless we can thereby secure another such elegant drawing! * * * *Carr Liggett* writes us from Cleveland, sending us the fifth "Book of the Rhymers' Club." According to Mr. Liggett they are

> a coreaceous lot—two advertising men, a lawyer, two columnists, a bookkeeper in a brewery, a college student who recently refused a Phi Beta Kappa key on the ground that it meant nothing whatever in her young life, and a curator of armor in a museum.

* * * The fourth volume of *Ladislas Reymont's* Nobel Prize Novel "The Peasants" has just been published. This completes the series. It is entitled "Summer," "Winter," and "Spring." "The Peasants" is an epic story of peasant life in Poland, and the popularity of the work is increasing over here. Preparations have been made for its translation into seven languages. * * * *D. H. Lawrence* has joined the Borzoi list, with "St. Mawr," the story of a horse, just issued. * * * *Louis Untermeyer's* first transcontinental lecture tour will begin next January. * * *Pendant this week by *Morris Bishop*, of Ithaca, New York:

On the Admission of the Word GALUMPH
to the Concise Oxford Dictionary,
What is this word here, in the dictionary,
Juicy great fat word, full of taste and
savor,
Strange to Will Shakespeare, and to Mat-
thew Arnold,
After "galoshes"?

'Tis GALUMPH, see friends, see the defi-
nition!
'Tis a coined word, friends, made by Lewis
Carroll,
And the word means, friends, by the dic-
tionary:
"Prancing in triumph!"

When the great charmer of our childhood
fancy
Wrote for sweet Alice once a Jabberwocky
Had he once thought 'twould make his name
immortal,
How he'd have chortled!

For a child's pleasure was his idle trifling;
Mighty word-playboy, thy reward is death-
less;
Through thy long night-time will thy words
continue
Prancing in triumph!

THE PHOENICIAN.

Samuel L. Munson, of Albany, N. Y., has presented to the Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., his extensive and valuable collection of almanacs, frequently referred to by collectors as the largest private collection of its kind in this country. The society will retain all almanacs not in its own large collection, and it is estimated that the accessions will reach 4,000 issues, making the society's collection of almanacs one of the largest and finest in existence.

A biography of Lincoln, of which collectors of Lincolniana are said to have no record, made its appearance in the Illinois Historical Library recently. It is in Welsh and was published in 1866 at Utica, N. Y.

BORZOIANA

Is the rumor that D. H. Lawrence has perpetrated a giant literary hoax fair to this author whose life and works seem to be particularly susceptible to strange rumors? Why is it that although Mr. Lawrence claims that the MEMOIRS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION were left as a legacy by M.M., there is a growing report that this extraordinary book about a rascally adventurer was written by Lawrence himself.

* * *

Perhaps there is a bit of Lawrence in the actual manuscript; perhaps it is only the flavor of his introduction which lasts throughout the rest of the book and which seems to be the only part that some people read.

* * *

At any rate the connection of Mr. Lawrence with Alfred A. Knopf which was established when the author permitted Mr. Knopf to publish these memoirs is now officially inaugurated by ST. MAWR, the new novel in which the story of a horse is closely woven into the fate of two American women.

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* * *

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

AT THE ANDERSON GALLERIES

COLORED plate books of military uniforms, regimental histories, and original drawings, the property of C. F. Gaunt, Churchfield, Warwickshire, England; the modern library of Edmund S. Wendt of this city, and the library of the late Major William L. Wallace of Ashland, Ky., with additions, were sold on May 20 and 21, 657 lots bringing $5,552.25. There was much interesting material for the general reader and the public library but little of outstanding rarity. A few of the more important lots and the prices realized were the following:

The Gentleman's Magazine of Fashions, Costumes and Regimentals of the Army, 272 colored plates, 9 vols., 8vo, London, 1828-36. Of extreme rarity. $60.

"Historic, Military and Naval Anecdotes of personal valor, bravery, and particular incidents which occurred to the armies of Great Britain and her allies in the late war terminating with the Battle of Waterloo," many brilliantly colored plates, 4to, London, 1819. Large uncut copy of this scarce work. $50.

Jenkins (James). "The Naval Achievements of Great Britain from the year 1793 to 1817," colored plates, folio, London, 1817. $97.50.

Rowlandson. "Loyal Volunteers of London and Environs, Infantry and Cavalry, in their respective uniforms," many brilliantly colored plates heightened with gold by Thomas Rowlandson, 4to, morocco, London, 1799. $95.

Smith (Charles Hamilton). "Costumes of the Army of the British Empire, according to the last Regulations, 1814," colored plates by Stadler, folio, morocco, London, 1815. $105.

Morris (William). "Collected Works," 24 vols., square 8vo, boards, linen backs, London, 1910-15. Limited definitive edition. $47.

Wells (H. G.). A collection of first editions of his writings, 25 vols., 12mo, cloth, London and New York, 1896-1922. $35.

Burns (Robert). "Works," edited by William Scott Douglas, 6 vols. extended by extra illustration to 12 vols., 8vo, levant extra, Edinburgh, 1877-79. $80.

Selections from the libraries of Countess Pierre de Jumilhac of Bercy-le Sec, Aisne, France; Charles Smith of Tappan, N. Y., the late Jonas D. Rice of Trenton, N. J., with additions, were sold in a single session May 19, the 395 lots bringing $4,480.50. There were only a few lots of interest to the collector and these were not generally in the best of condition. On the whole, very fair prices were realized, considering the character and condition of the material. A few representative lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

Burk (John). "The History of Virginia from its first Settlement to the Present Day," 4 vols., 8vo, calf, Petersburgh, 1804-16. First edition with the rare fourth volume. $65.

Cooper (James Fennimore). "Novels," 32 vols., 8vo, cloth, New York, 1859-61. Clean set of the Townsend edition. $42.50.

Elzevir Press. A collection of Elzevir imprints comprising 48 vols., 24mo, old calf, 1626-64. Many volumes contain William E. Burton's autograph. $35.

Walton and Cotton. "The Complete Angler," 2 vols., royal 8vo, morocco, London, 1836. Good copy of Pickering's beautiful edition. $67.50.

Wynkyn de Worde. "Peniteas cito libellus late nuncupatur tractans compendiose de penitentia et eius circunstantijssac vitam peccatis deprautam emendare cupientibus multum utilis et necessarius," small 4to, morocco, Londoni, *circa*, 1510. A fine copy of this rare and beautiful book of this early printer. $70.

GIFT OF IRVING COLLECTION

MRS. ISAAC N. SELIGMAN, widow of the New York banker, has presented her late husband's collection of books, autograph letters, manuscripts, portraits and drawings of and relating to Washington Irving to the New York Public Library as a memorial. The collection includes the original manuscript of "Bracebridge Hall," "Oliver Goldsmith," the notebook for "Knickerbocker's History of New York," the notes for the "Life of Washington," and several of the few extant chapters of that work in manuscript, together with a remarkable series of manuscript journals and diaries covering the period of 1804-42. A few of the additional noteworthy items in the collection, still rich in unpublished material, are a series of forty-two letters from Irving to his closest friend, Henry Brevoort; letters to numerous distinguished men of his day including Thomas Moore, John G. Lockhart, and Allan Cunningham, and presentation copies of his own works given by Irving to various members of his family, mainly first editions. There is also a series of drawings made by the author during a tour in Wales in 1815. As Irving was a native of this city and the first president of the Astor Library, now an important part of the New York Public Library, it seems very appropriate that the gift of this important collection should be made to the great public library of New York.

NOTE AND COMMENT

AT a sale at Henkel's in Philadelphia May 20, some Washington autograph letters brought very high prices. A letter written November 20, 1891, to David Stuart, one of the commissioners who negotiated the transfer of the District of Columbia to the United States Government, referring at length to the plans of the capitol, sold for $3,200. A petty cash account book was bought by the Library of Congress for $300. The manuscript of a humorous poem by Benjamin Franklin fetched $525.

At Christie's, in London, May 20, an illuminated manuscript, an Italian missal, dated 1532, brought £2,100. It was formerly owned by Horace Walpole of Strawberry Hill, in the catalogue of which the history is given in part as follows: "This precious volume was executed expressly for Claude, Queen of France, wife of Francis I. . . . It was purchased by Horace Walpole from the collection of Dr. Mead." Dr. Richard Mead was a celebrated physician, who was called to Queen Anne on her deathbed. On the accession of George II, he was appointed as the king's personal physician.

A. J. HOPPE, associate editor of *The Bookman's Journal* of London, is engaged in compiling a bibliography of the writings of Samuel Butler, and is said to have discovered particulars relating to some fifty-one first and rare editions. The bibliography will contain a series of hitherto unpublished letters, some of which are of bibliographical interest and will be reproduced in facsimile.

Points of View

(*Continued from page* 812)

The reviewer kindly tells the world that this is an example of "the scintillating play of Professor More's rapier" and also that it is "as accurate as it is refreshing." Now any zoologist, except a superannuated professor like me, would look very differently at this sentence. He would say confidently that it is plain and conclusive evidence that Professor More has never read Weissman's essay on the inheritance of mutilations. But I am old enough to have learned that there are many who can read as if not reading and perhaps our author is one of those. As to that I express no settled opinion. But if the sentence fairly represents the author, it is conclusive evidence that he does not have even the beginning of a competent understanding of Lamarck, Darwin, or Weissman, still less of the history of zoological thought in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

As to "scintillating play," I am ready to concede it as fully as the reviewer can ask. It is the scintillation by which ignorance seeks the applause of the ignorant. The method has succeeded in this case as it has so often before. Such is the working of nature, and it is in full accord with the doctrine (or dogma) of evolution. It is perhaps not inappropriate for me to say also that it is in full accord with reason and with scripture—*abyssus abyssum invocat.*

E. A. Birge.

Madison, Wisconsin.

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can also take you and me "by the old Moulmein pagoda, looking Eastward toward the sea. . . ." Or into the jungle where we find "the law of the jungle, as old and as true as the hills." Or turning to the rougher side of this human drama Kipling proclaims that "the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins!" And there are five hundred such poems here—that are merely an item in this astounding collection of stories, novels, essays, letters and poems.

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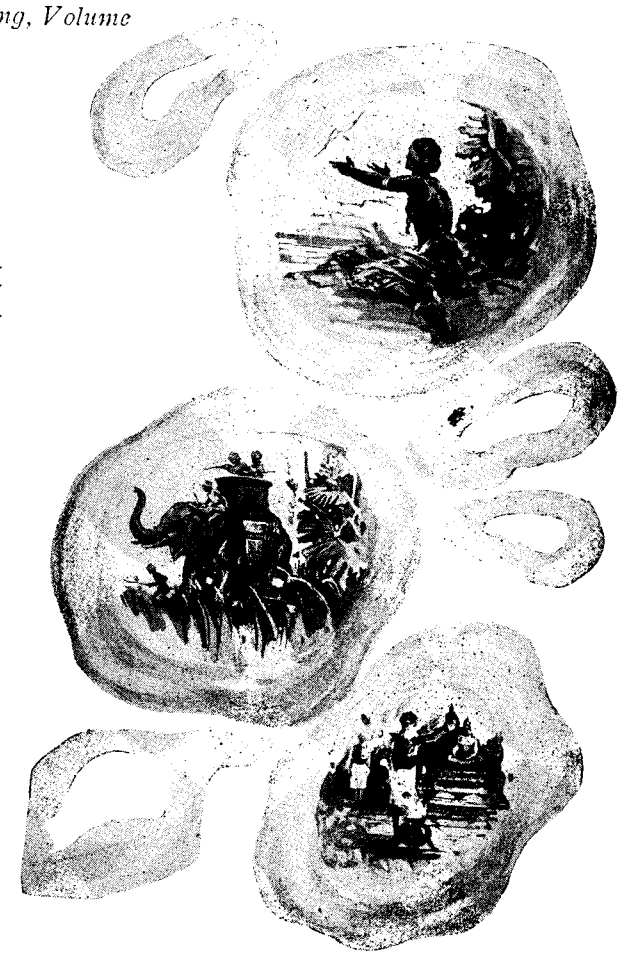

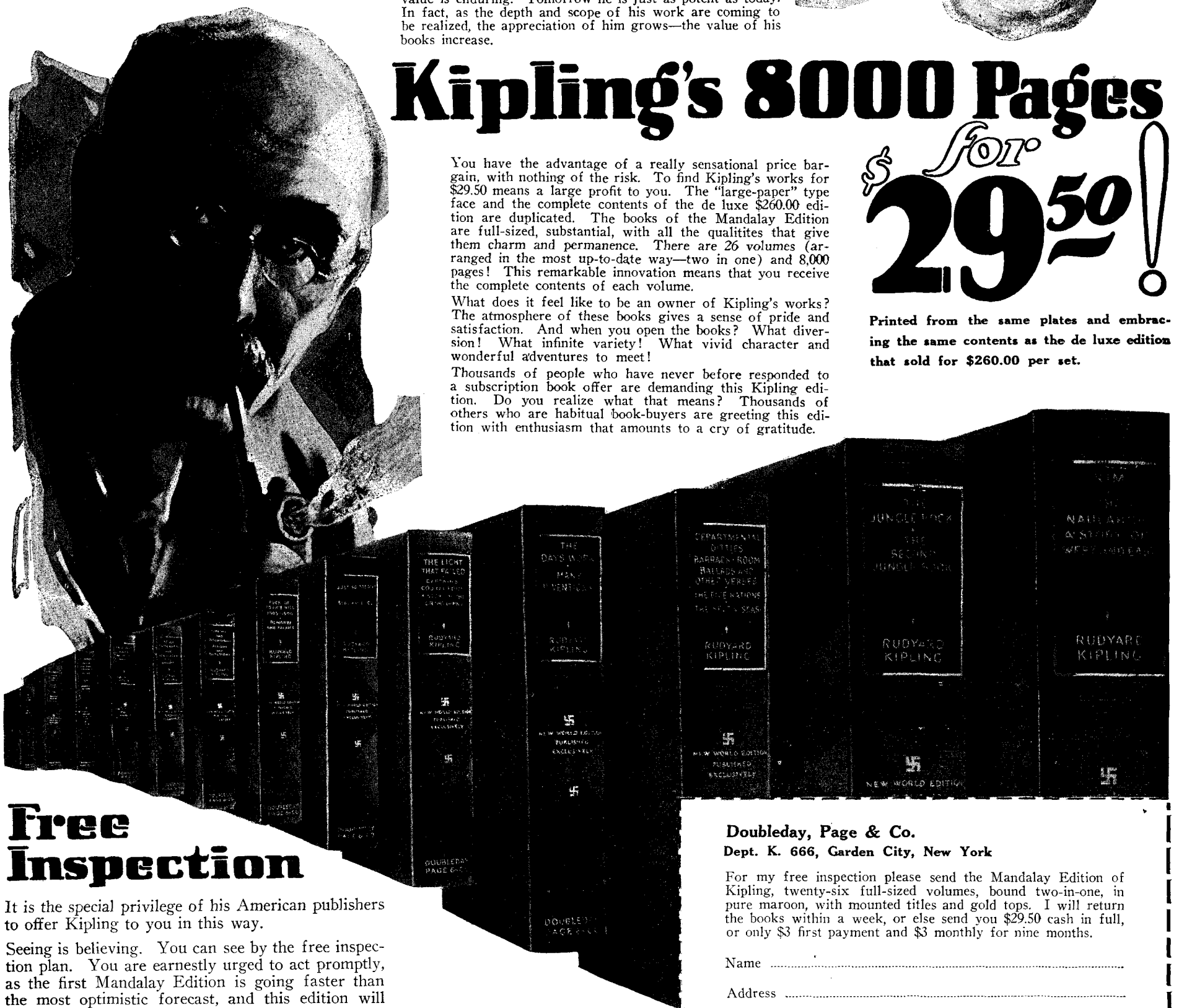

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